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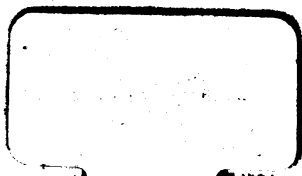
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PRANKS IN PROVENCE

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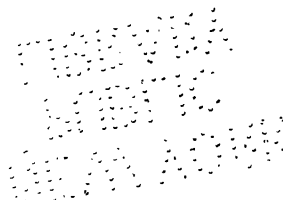
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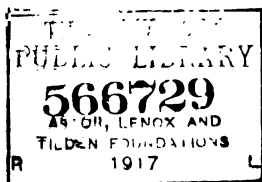
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Pranks in Provence



In what strange ways are our latent talents brought out into the sunlight of this earthly Arena! A Spring evening, a second-hand book store, and the index finger of Destiny has revealed to us nature's birthright. Lo! This! After years of unrequited labour in the mistaken pathway of commerce; a chance purchase; an idle hour; and the unknown gifts stand revealed

(L)ITERATURE and (A)RT

* * * * *

OUR natural talents are like infants, the anxious time is in their development. So we hasten with our newly-discovered gifts to the British Museum, and there, amid the silence under the great dome, nurture them on the respective foods

that their foster-parents have thoughtfully provided. While one baby-gift devours with eagerness the palatable and easily digested diet of the means and ways of making illustrations, her twin sister as readily imbibes of the pabulum of modern travel which is set before her. Two hours thus spent, and we leave the hallowed precincts, flushed with the conscious pride of our maturity, and joyously eager to play our dual *rôle* under the fierce searchlight of journalistic criticism.

And so then, let us away to the sunlit lands of happy Provence—away to the land of the troubadours and the Cours d'Amour—to the land of saintly legends and ruined châteaux—away to the land of Petrarch and Laura, of Mireille and Vincent—to the land of Mistral and his faithful Félibres, and there, under the shadow of the Ventour, let us commence the chronicle of our doings.

* * * * *

It was not until we had passed Montélimar and were within measurable distance of our destination that A. and I had a final discussion about our undertaking. We had left our compartment and were standing at one of the open windows in the

corridor, taking stock of the picturesque country through which we were passing. It was now getting mountainous and full of interest.

"It looks, A., as if we have chosen the right spot for your part of the work," I said, as the ruins of an ancient château, perched on the crest of a rocky eminence, came into view. "You won't be hard up for subjects."

"No," he replied briefly, and relapsed into thought. Now I had been noting with some concern that since daybreak A.'s usual buoyancy of spirits seemed to have deserted him. He appeared to be stricken with a fit of wool-gathering for which I could in no way account. I was beginning to get anxious as to the cause. As I was about to hazard a further remark, A. turned suddenly to me and said, "L., old chap, I'm awfully sorry, but do you know I clean forgot to look up about etching when I was at the British Museum."

"What!" I said in amazement.

"Yes," he went on hurriedly, "I've got the copper-plates and etching tools all right, but I'm afraid I shan't know what to do with them; you see I meant to have got a book about it before we

started. I thought we should be able to get the acids in Avignon, but perhaps——”

“Copper-plates! Acids!” I interrupted. “My dear fellow, what are you babbling about? What on earth do you suppose you are going to do with copper-plates and acids down here?”

“I don’t quite know,” he said rather dejectedly, “but I read they were indispensable on a sketching tour of this sort and so——”

“Stuff and nonsense! Pencils and sketching-blocks, some fine nibs, and a bottle of Indian ink are all you require, and maybe a piece of india-rubber and a sharp penknife,” I added somewhat sarcastically, for it was beginning to dawn on me that, after all, A. had not fully grasped the limitations necessary to our newly-discovered gifts.

“My dear A.,” I said, “do let us be serious. In less than an hour we shall be in Avignon, our chosen centre of operations, and then we shall have begun our mission in earnest. Do let us both understand what that mission really is. We are down here as servants, as it were, of the publisher and the great reading public, in order to give the former the wherewithal to place before the latter the mental

nourishment for which it is apparently clamouring. It is no part of our task to philosophise or theorise or sentimentalise upon any of the sights or episodes which we may encounter in our journey. Neither are we here as archæologists and delvers into the past, nor are we concerned with monuments and local history nor anything that pertains thereto. All we are concerned with is the chronicle of our own individual doings—in recording how things appear to us—strangers in a strange land. Personally, I have very carefully avoided even the slightest study of the country we are already in, or the people we are now about to mix with for the first time, and as my knowledge of the language is confined to the few words which an uncertain memory may have retained from boyhood days, we start—I, at least, do—untrammelled by any superfluous knowledge, and therefore hope to be able to give a perfectly unbiassed and purely personal account of events as they may happen to shape themselves. So much for my own task. To you, my dear A., falls the duty of breaking up the letterpress with sketchy impressions of our travel. Your recently discovered talent has revealed to you the fact that you are blessed with

the particular mental and visual capacity necessary to fulfil the obligations imposed by popular fancy. You are unfettered by any mysteries of technique or the need of showing any intelligent appreciation of your pictorial motive. Nor have you to trouble your head with the relative importance of the facts and details of your subjects. All this, and more, an intelligent, æsthetic public will apparently do for you. It will imagine a whole scene from the most fragmentary sketch, and will discover great depth of thought and delicate subtleties in the briefest of your notes. You have only to remember that your reward in Kudos and Sequins will be measured out at so much per square inch of your work when reduced, in order to fully appreciate the gentle art of omission, otherwise called artistic brevity or the grace of unconsciousness."



CHAPTER I

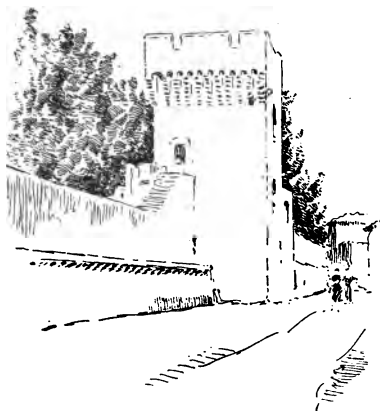
AVIGNON

SO far we have been remarkably fortunate. Our quarters—which, by the way, we selected by the simple process of entering the first hotel omnibus we encountered on leaving the station—seem altogether first-rate. We are in possession of two large and airy bedrooms on the second floor, and a small but beautifully furnished private sitting-room in close proximity, which commands a perfectly delightful view from its windows.

A. has already dubbed this room "L'Atelier" (The studio). I may say here that A. has, at some time in his career, spent several years in Paris, and speaks the language like a native. At first I was somewhat annoyed at this discovery, as it seemed to me a useless accomplishment, and one moreover likely to hinder us in the task we had before us. Hitherto, I had supposed it was the business of the average foreigner to comprehend the traveller's series of gestures, and do his bidding. But either my powers as an interpreter of thought by pantomime are limited or else the people of this district are remarkably dense.

For instance, I began the day by a visit to the Credit Lyonnais, whither I went to change a cheque for French gold. I had been told in London that the cheque would be cashed at sight, and that I should have no difficulty whatever in the matter. But on my presenting it, the cashier looked at it and me with evident mistrust, and declined to have anything to do with it. I explained to him in good round Saxon what the London bankers had said, and that the matter was urgent, but all to no purpose. It was in this transaction that I first realised the

benefit of A's linguistic attainments. It transpired later that I had entered the wrong Banking house, but why couldn't that numskull of a clerk have told me this and put me on the right track? A. suggests that this is what he did do, but I have



THE RAMPARTS, AVIGNON.

my doubts about it; he hadn't the look of a man who would do a kindly action.

How these travel-writers who go through various countries, confessedly, in entire ignorance of the language, can not only obtain the gratification of their own personal wants but at the same time elicit

private narratives from the natives, is, to me, an enigma. Doubtless they have some special pantomimic training with which I am unacquainted.

Avignon is one of the most flourishing towns in Provence. It has a cathedral, a venerable Papal Palace, an old broken bridge, a girde of ancient ramparts and I know not what besides; but not being concerned with the curiosities of the place we decided to mount our cycles and go, for our first spin, to Villeneuve, a little town on the opposite bank of the Rhône. This initial ride nearly ended in a disaster which might have put a sudden stop to our mission. We had crossed the two bridges and headed our cycles in the direction of Philippe-le-Bel's tower, when a motor-car came speeding towards us.

As it came nearer it commenced to emit the usual hideous foghorn sounds of warning, continuing the while to keep on the wrong side of the road. But although its two crazy occupants were shouting and gesticulating furiously, it was not until the thing was almost upon me that I grasped the situation. The driver had lost all control of the machine. I do not care to think what might have happened



THE CHURCH OF ST. DIDIER, AVIGNON.

had there not chanced to be a narrow footway which I just succeeded in bounding on to as the car dashed past.

"Why on earth didn't you keep to the right?" said A. excitedly, as he came up. "I shouted to you for all I was worth."

"There was no time," I said, "I didn't know the beastly thing had run away until it was almost on top of me."

"Nonsense! The car was all right. You were on your wrong side."

"What?" I said indignantly, "I kept to the left the whole time."

"That is exactly what you ought not to have done. The rule of the road is just the reverse over here."

Fortunately we reached Villeneuve without further incident. After having paid our respects to the place by visiting the church and adjoining cloisters and making a general inspection of its slummiest quarters, I left A. sketching in the ruins of an old monastery, and ascended the slope which leads to the ancient fortress dominating the town. On reaching the entrance between the two circular towers, I

found the gates wide open. I passed through into the courtyard. Some half-dozen hens and a dingy black cat, asleep in a patch of sunlight, appeared to have the place all to themselves. I was hot and tired and the motor-car incident had played somewhat on my nerves, so that I was glad to sit down on a pile of masonry and rest awhile in the shade. I had scarcely seated myself, however, when I heard footsteps, and looking round saw a young woman coming towards me. As she drew nearer I noticed she was tall and comely. On a mass of dark wavy hair was perched the usual tiny square of black lace enclosed in a band of velvet ribbon, which forms the head-dress of the women of Provence. A blue kerchief was tied loosely about her throat, and her large linen apron shone with dazzling whiteness. When she had come up to where I was sitting, she said something in French and pointed back to the castle entrance. In her left hand she carried a bunch of large keys, from which I concluded she was asking me if I desired that she should show me over the place. I would fain have remained quietly where I was. To me, there is a dreary similarity in all these mediæval

strongholds—one dungeon or guard-chamber, or vaulted hall is painfully like every other, and the same oppressive gloominess and musty odour seems to be an essential part of them all. However, giving a sign of assent I rose and followed my

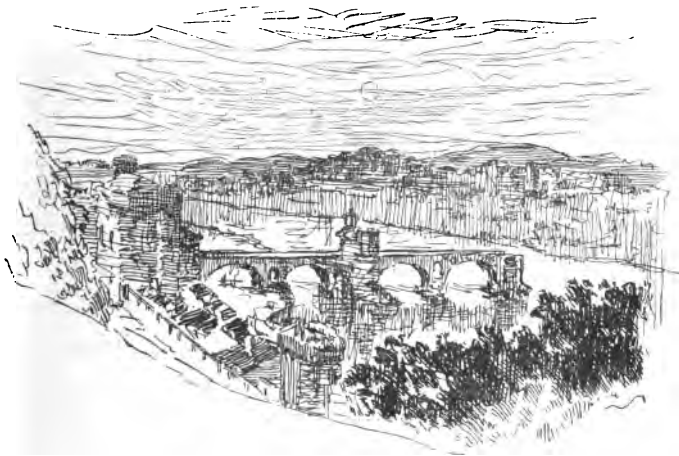


graceful cicerone across the sunny courtyard into the gloom of the old buildings.

At first she chatted on gaily, doubtless explaining the uses the apartments had, or were supposed to have had, in "The days of long ago," but perceiving that her words conveyed to me nothing more

than a musical sound, she proceeded, to my regret, to conduct me from room to room in silence—no doubt she thought the deaf-mute system suited my case the best.

On the summit of the battlements we stood



THE BRIDGE OF SAINT BÉNÉZET, FROM THE ROCHER DES DOMS.

together looking across the water towards Avignon. Above the broken bridge and old ramparts the towers and walls of the Papal Palace stood out clearly, high over the roofs of the city. Beneath us stretched the green island of the Barthelasse, while

high up to the right the grey tower of Philippe-le-Bel was grimly outlined against the hazy blue sky.

But the beauty of the scene attracted me less than the pretty face and graceful figure of my companion. I longed to have the power of converse with her, to be able to pay a gentle tribute to her beauty instead of having to play this ridiculous rôle of a tongueless man by her side. Vaguely my thoughts wandered back to the days when I was a lad at school, plodding over the pages of Ollendorf. Mechanically I commenced to conjugate the verb "aimer," but dismissed it as being useless to the occasion. I cudgelled my brains in vain to recall any words which would form an intelligible and appropriate sentence suitable for the moment. I could think of none. As a matter of fact, I doubt if I ever knew any.

"Très belle vue," I ventured at last, waving my hand lightly towards the scenery. It was not a brilliant exclamation, perhaps, but it had the desired effect. The ice was broken. I could at least listen once more to her soft southern accent as she pointed out the chief points of interest in the panorama, and

I was careful to keep the ball rolling by an occasional "Ah oui" when I judged it safe. "Quel est votre nom, Mademoiselle?" I plucked up courage to ask, as we were on the point of descending.

"Térèse Fortunet, Monsieur."

"Térèse! Ah quel joli nom!" I said, throwing as much emphasis as possible on the word "joli." This last effort exhausted my entire vocabulary, but I had succeeded in conveying a little compliment, albeit a feeble one. With a suspicion of extra colour in her cheeks and a gay little laugh she turned and led the way downwards.

While bidding adieu to the fair Térèse, a party of Anglicised Americans appeared on the scene, talking loudly, with a twang I sincerely hope is the strongest that this species of our American cousins can produce. As I stepped forth into the sunshine I murmured a prayer of thanks that it had not been my lot to see over the old place in their company. The richness of the American brogue has almost the same effect upon me as a channel passage has on an indifferent sailor.

I started to walk briskly back to the monastery

to rejoin A., being conscious that my absence had outstripped the time agreed upon. Half-way



VILLENEUVE.

down the slope I came upon an aged nun walking slowly upwards, aided by a thick staff. I was about to pass her when she stopped and addressed me in

a thin, husky voice, at the same time handing me a strip of slightly tinted paper. Upon it, in violet ink, were some dozen or more lines of microscopic handwriting, presumably in French. Naturally I was unable to make head or tail of its purport, but I concluded it contained a request for alms. I handed her back the paper, and drawing a silver coin from my pocket presented it to her. But the old lady, by a gentle movement of the hand, declined the offering, and, with a slight courtesy, continued to make her way up the hillside. I have often wondered since what possible service that good nun was asking of me.

When I got back to the monastery I looked in vain for A. However, it was not long before a little girl came running to me with a note which A. had left in her charge, to say that I should find him and the cycles on the upper road leading out of the town. I found him sketching on the high ground from which one gets a capital view of the old town, with the Fort St. Andre perched above it.

"The old roofs look as if they have been properly sun-baked," I remarked, as I stood watching the movements of his pencil.

“Yes,” said A. “If a disciple of Whistler were to paint this scene, he would style it a Symphony in dun-colour and blue ; later on it will probably turn into a Nocturne in bleu foncé and jaune de



VILLENEUVE.

zinc. But Allons ! let us go, or we shall be late for dinner.”

So we mounted our machines and, with a slight wind at our backs, were soon once more within the walls of the papal city.



CHAPTER II

LES ANGLES—THE ISLAND OF THE BARTHELASSE

THIS morning at early breakfast A. announced his intention of devoting the day to sketching in and about the city. He also suggested that I should employ my time in exploring the Papal Palace, viewing the pictures in the museum, visiting the cathedral, in short, that I should pass the

day in general sightseeing ; but I reminded him that it was no part of our business to study the history and monuments of the town, that would be quite contrary to the purport of our mission. No ; while he was carrying on the work of illustrating our chronicle, it was clearly my duty to go forth and seek more copy for the text. So it was arranged that I should fix up my own programme and join him in the afternoon, at an appointed hour and spot, on the island of the Barthelasse.

Being thus left to my own devices I decided to start off on a tramp up to the village of Les Angles. I had noticed the name the previous evening on the map which hangs in the entrance hall of the hotel. And I could find no mention of it in the guide-book. And I thought I would discover the place for myself. And I was soon across the bridges. Across the bridges which span the Rhône. And ascending the fine road which winds steadily up the hillside. It was a beautiful morning, a morning of pure clear sunlight. And a slight breeze from the Ventour made the air fresh and cool. It was a pleasure to walk in the pure clear open sunlight. And I felt I could

tramp for hours along such a road without experiencing fatigue. I had got, perhaps, a quarter of a mile up the *coline* (hill), when a large black poodle came bounding towards me from the grounds of one of the *maisons de plaisance* (modern villas) which are scattered about the hillside.

I have always found myself on the best of terms



THE MODERN BRIDGE.

with all sorts and conditions of the canine species, and so I had no misgivings as to the dog's intentions. And indeed he commenced to prance round me in most amiable fashion, as though giving welcome to an old friend who had turned up again suddenly after a long absence. I sat down on

one of the stone posts which lined the roadway, and responded to his greeting by sundry pats on his well-clipped back. And the discovery of a couple of biscuits in a side pocket put us at once on terms of intimacy. He told me, by his collar, that his name was Marquis. And his mistress lived in the Villa Molière close by. The sex of his owner, however, was apparent from the number of little trinkets, including two gold coins, suspended from his silver collar. And evidently Marquis, as his name implied, was one of the patricians of his race. However, it was not above his dignity to take part in a wild romp down the green slope after pebbles, which I threw for him. The pebbles flew fast down the green slope. And for more than a quarter of an hour I delayed my walk, in order to take part in this pastime. Then recollecting that my object was to reach Les Angles, I gave Marquis a farewell caress, and bade him return to his mistress. And I started off once more to climb the hill.

Half-way up the ascent a blue bloused cyclist passed me, coasting triumphantly down the long incline. And then I had the road to myself.

There was no one on the road. I was quite alone. I had the road all to myself. And as I drew near the summit I stopped to look back at the scene below. And I was trying to make out what appeared to be two tall white towers in the far distance, when suddenly I felt something brush against me. Brush against my legs. And looking down discovered the black poodle was at my heels. I was annoyed that the dog should have followed me so far without my knowing it. And do what I would, I could not induce him to part company with me and return home. To retrace my steps meant going back considerably over a mile. And I was hesitating as to what I should do, when it occurred to me there would not be much harm after all, if he now went on with me as far as Les Angles. And it could not be far off. And I should be returning by the same road and would leave him within the gates of the Villa Molière on my way back.

Marquis was delighted at this decision. It was a decision which delighted him. And barking joyously we started off once more. I had expected to come upon the village on reaching the top of

the hill, but in this I was disappointed. And I looked about me but could see no indications of any village near at hand. Some low-roofed farm buildings stood off from the road a short distance



LES ANGLES.

to the left, and I thought I should probably find some one about from whom I could ask my way. And cutting off from the road and following a narrow track, I made towards them.

I was nearing the *mas* (farm) when I heard voices, and proceeding in the direction from whence I judged the sounds to come, I discovered a couple of lads guarding a large herd of white goats on the hillside. Before I could reach them, however, the poodle dashed suddenly past me. He passed by me with a series of prodigious bounds. And barking furiously the while, he flung himself into the midst of the astonished animals and scattered them in all directions down the steep declivity. I called and whistled lustily. Alternatively I called and whistled as lustily as possible. But nothing would stay the headlong career of the dog, or the frenzied stampede of his startled victims. The older youth, shouting something to his companion, dashed off in wild pursuit, flourishing a long stick frantically in the air. And the other lad turned and ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, towards the *mas*.

Marquis, his prey and the goat-herd were soon out of sight. And for a while I stood on the brow of the hill, undecided what course to take in this untoward incident. And it occurred to me that if I stayed where I was I might have to

face needless difficulties. And there would sure to be a hue and cry from the farm, in which case I should probably be held answerable for the whole affair, and I mistrusted my ability to explain matters merely by the use of signs and gestures. And it would be more tactful, I thought, if I were to lose myself in one of the adjacent olive groves for the time being. Unfortunately, the idea came too late. As I turned, a man sprang towards me gesticulating wildly. He must have been at least six feet in height, and had the toughened look of one who lived his life in the open air. He wore a prodigious black beard, and his large, shaggy eyebrows gave his face a fierce expression. His blouse was tied in at the waist with a leathern strap. He had the appearance of some middle-aged Tolstoi. And his voice was hoarse with anger. Indeed I have never seen any one give such an exhibition of pantomimic fury. He threw his arms to right and left, shook his fist now at me, now in the direction in which his flock had disappeared, and beat his breast with resounding thumps. Reverberating thumps. And he shouted all the time in, apparently, some uncouth patois. And I gathered he was

holding me responsible for the poodle's evil doings. I could hear the sound of barking in the distance. Evidently Marquis was still chasing the luckless goats far down into the valley below. And I felt sorry for the man. I felt he had some just cause for annoyance. I should have liked to explain to him the facts of the case as far as I was concerned. That, however, was not possible. But I talked loudly in English to the effect that the dog was no connection of mine, and that I disclaimed all responsibility for its actions—good or bad. Unfortunately my remarks seemed, if possible, to accentuate the man's displeasure. And his attitude became so threatening that I thought blows were imminent. But at this crisis two or three men and an old woman came towards us from the farm. I felt somewhat relieved at their appearance. And the conversation, I thought, would become more general. The woman appeared to be at least eighty years old. Her eyes were small and bead-like, and her skin was very dark and very wrinkled. And she was bareheaded, and stray wisps of her straggling, dingy white hair fluttered about her face. She was a very little old woman, but her powers of speech were remarkable.

Long before she reached us her shrill, strident voice had claimed the attention of Black-Beard. And then ensued a veritable war of words between the man and woman, in which the white-haired beldam had much the best of the encounter. What the discussion was about I could not imagine. And apparently no one thought of going to the assistance of the goat-herd, who by this time must have been well on towards the plains below.

Matters now became more complicated by the arrival of the younger of the two lads I had first seen, accompanied by a gendarme, a fine-looking young fellow with spotlessly white gloves. He came straight up to me, saluted civilly, and then asked me several questions at once. I did not understand his questions, but I returned his salute by raising my hat, and, with a wave of my hand, referred him to Black-Beard. Several men, women, and children had followed in the wake of the gendarme. We were now quite a small crowd, the latest arrival being a young priest.

My knee-breeches and stockings attracted marked attention among the womenfolk. Several of the younger ones coming nearer to get a better look

at me. And one little girl, bolder than the rest, stood straight in front of me and stared down at my stockings in a frank, childish way. And I was wondering what might happen next, when the priest, who had now joined the gendarme, turned to me, and, speaking in excellent English, asked whether he could be of any service to me. I was never more surprised or delighted at hearing my own language spoken. And I soon explained to him my part in the affair, which he, in turn, interpreted to the others. I had hesitated, at first, as to whether I was justified in giving the poodle's name and address. He had certainly placed me in a very awkward position, but after all he had certainly counted on me as his friend. And it would hardly be sportsmanlike, I thought, to give him and his mistress into the hands of his enemies. It was fortunate, however, that I judged it wise to do so. And, fortunately, it brought matters to a speedy and amicable conclusion.

It turned out that Marquis's mistress was the owner of the farm and the goats in question, so that the dog would have to be accountable to her for the result of his misconduct. And every one, in-

cluding myself, was greatly relieved at this discovery. Black-Beard then told us that the poodle had disgraced himself in similar manner on several previous occasions, and that he was never allowed to visit the farm in consequence.

I began to see through the trap that my little canine friend had laid for me. He had thought that in striking up a friendship with me, a stranger, who knew nothing of his bad habits, there might be a chance of getting to the farm under the guise of an innocent and friendly romp. And that by keeping close at my heels, should any of his people happen to meet us along the road, I should probably be accused of having lured him away from his home, in which case, although his designs would be frustrated, his intentions would escape suspicion. And thus he had followed me up the hill, solely in order that he might indulge in his favourite sport—hunting the goats.

And as I realised this, my sympathy for Marquis quickly disappeared into the *ewigkeit*. And I greatly regretted that I should not be present at the highly merited chastisement that I sincerely hoped would be in store for him on his return.

Happily the affair was ended as far as I was concerned. And every one now appeared most friendly disposed towards me. And I shook hands heartily with Black-Beard, the gendarme, the old wrinkled-faced woman and several others, including the little girl who had taken such interest in the hosiery part of my attire, and having judiciously parted with several silver coins, I left the scene in company with the Abbé whose opportune arrival had put an end to my difficulties.

Les Angles, it appeared, was but a stone's throw from where the poodle episode had occurred. The village lay perched on an opposite crest of the hill, its topmost roofs being concealed by the grove of olive trees. A narrow track soon led us to an ancient gateway, fissured and age-stained, which formed one of the entrances to the town. The priest was on his way to breakfast with a relative living some few kilometres further on, so here our ways lay apart. I therefore bade him a friendly adieu and walked into the village alone. I was beginning to feel hungry and in need of a rest. As I wandered in and out of a number of maze-like little streets I looked about me for a place where I

could get something to eat. But I could see no sign of any inn or café, and, what was equally annoying, every fresh turning I took invariably brought me back to the little archway by which I



AT LES ANGES.

had entered the town. I was about to give up in despair, when I chanced to come upon a group of young women gathered about a well. Going up to them, I raised my hat, and addressing the party generally, I inquired the whereabouts of an *auberge*

where I could get *déjeuner*. I spoke in English, trusting to the two French words to convey my meaning. Experience has shown me that it is safer to do this than to try and evolve a question in bad French, which usually conveys nothing to the person or persons addressed. Of course it would have been sufficient merely to have said the words *auberge—déjeuner*—accompanied by some appropriate gestures. But then gestures and signs are, more often than not, misleading. The interlarding of a couple of French words in an English sentence is more dignified, and as a rule the question is more readily understood. The women knew at once what I wanted. The one who was nearest to me put down the pitcher she was carrying and, saying something to the others, beckoned me to follow her. She was a slim, good-looking young woman, of about five-and-twenty, with dark brown hair and a pale olive complexion. Her voice was soft and musical, and there was an indefinable charm in it that made it pleasant to listen to, although I could not follow what she was saying.

I supposed she was giving me some information about the inn to which she was taking me. I

thanked her for the information, whatever it was, and unpinning the rose that I was wearing in my buttonhole I presented it to her. She accepted the humble offering with a graceful inclination of the head, and as she continued to walk briskly along she fastened the flower deftly and coquettishly at her throat. I was endeavouring to frame some appropriate sentence in French by way of making the conversation less one-sided, when the young woman stopped abruptly, and pointing to a small building in front of us, gave me to understand it was the inn that I was in search of. Then turning lightly on her heels she started to walk quickly back in the direction from which we had come, giving me no opportunity of thanking her for her friendly guidance.

The house she had pointed out to me was a low whitewashed building, the walls of which were discoloured and bulging with age. Two or three steps led up to a little vine-sheltered terrace on which was placed a solitary marble-topped table. This was the only thing that suggested the possibility of the house being a café, otherwise there was no sign or notice to warrant the assumption. A coarse

hemp curtain, stamped all over with red lions rampant, hanging over the doorway as a protection from the sun, prevented the interior from being seen. Stepping on to the terrace, I drew aside the curtain and entered.



I found myself in a large but low room, down the centre of which ran a long bare table supported on trestles. A dozen or more high-backed wooden chairs were placed at regular intervals along the

walls, and at the further end of the apartment stood a huge metal stove, round which clothes were drying. The floor was tight-paved with cobbles, and save for a large plaster bas-relief of the Virgin and Child, which hung near the entrance, the walls were quite bare. The air of the room was potent of garlic and the smell of drying habiliments, the pungency of which was accentuated by the heat from the stove and closed windows. It was some time before I could make my presence known, but at last continual rappings on the stone floor caused the appearance of the landlady, a buxom woman of about forty. She understood at once what I wanted. Doubtless she could see I was fagged and hungry, and that it was food and rest I needed to set me right. Dusting one of the wooden chairs with her apron, not that it needed it, but evidently from force of habit, she bade me be seated. But having sensitive organs and the mixture of garlic and stewed garments not being to my taste, I made signs to her that I preferred being served at the little table on the terrace. I shall always remember with pleasure my visit to the hillside village of Les Angles, if only because it was there I partook of a meal of surpassing excellence.

The genial landlady of the little inn was a culinary artist. Her soup was delicious, the omelette cooked to a turn, the chicken the tenderest I ever tasted, and the old bottle of red wine smooth and ripe-flavoured. It was a meal to put a man "in unity with the creation." The air on the terrace was cool



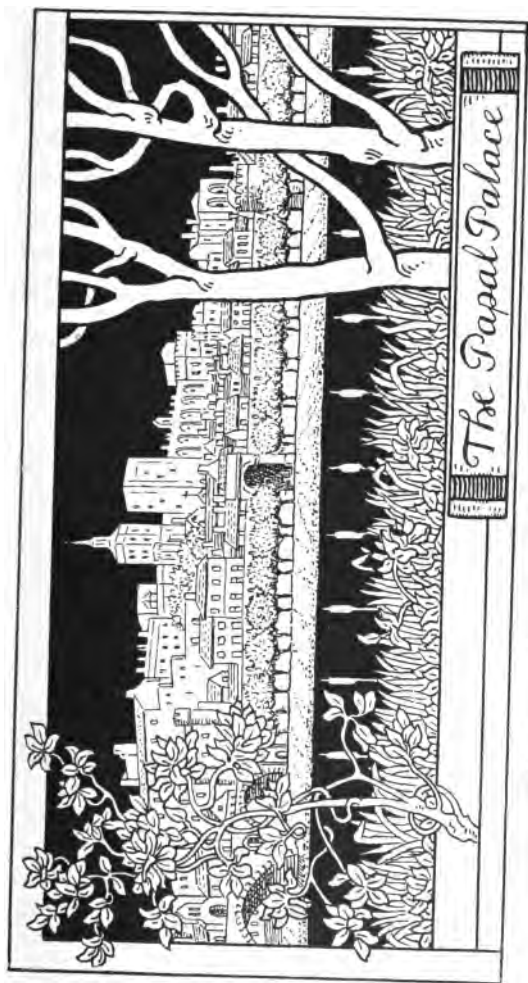
LES ANGLES.

and sweet with the scent of climbing roses and pinks and mignonette. And as I ate I looked upon a magnificent expanse of open country stretching far away to the mauve-coloured range of the distant Alpilles. I could see the silver windings of the Rhône, the two round towers of Chateaurenard, and the long straight Tarascon road, a dazzling streak

of white across the valley. About me bees were chaunting merrily among the flowers; and overhead young birds twittered amorously amidst the vine leaves; all else was still. Truly a goodly spot in which to sit and tune one's mind to day-dreams and sentiment. But not being subject to daylight musings I glanced at my watch instead, and discovered that I should have my work cut out to walk back to the island of the Barthelasse in time to keep my appointment with A. So having settled the reckoning, I bade the buxom landlady goodbye and started to tramp back by the way I had come. As I passed the Villa Molière I looked within the grounds, but could see no signs of the black poodle; evidently I had seen the last of the artful Marquis.

I discovered A., in a curiously Gothic frame of mind, reclining on the river bank facing the town walls and old Papal Palace.

"Look," he said, with an air of intense satisfaction, handing me up a sketch he had just finished. "Is not the subject delightfully Birminghamified? Just look at the wealth of beautifully straight lines in the middle distance and the splendid regularity of the trees on yonder bank. See how exquisitely the



bull-rushes have spaced themselves, and the two naked stems give balance to the whole. Is it not sweetly decorative? And not the slightest temptation to employ too many lines. Only try and imagine the sky and water jet black and then imagine the——”

“Come, my dear boy,” I interrupted, “we are already late for dinner,” and taking his arm I led him away from the scene. It was clear that I had left him too long to his own thoughts, and I mentally resolved to keep closer company with him until our mission should be ended. Twilight was creeping over the city as we entered by the Port de l’Ouille.



CHAPTER III

BARBENTANE—TARASCON—ARLES

LAST evening, after dinner, we had our coffee and liqueurs served in the "Atelier," and over them we discussed our plans for to-day.

A. was for having a spin to the famous fountain of Vaucluse, but as he said that it was associated in some way with Petrarch and Laura, I thought

this expedition might possibly lead us into sentimental paths, so I quickly vetoed the suggestion. Finally, it was settled that we should ride to Tarascon, breakfast there, and then go on to Arles, where we would stay the night, returning the next day by way of Les Baux and St. Remy.

At nine this morning we had despatched our coffee and rolls and were ready to start on the road. Let me say here, that A., who as a rule is very frugally minded at this hour of the day, surprised me by eating two rolls at *petit déjeuner* (early breakfast). I mention this fact, slight as it is, not because I think it will be of any great interest to the reader, but because it tends to show that the air here evidently acts as a powerful tonic to the appetite.

But to continue. The morning was warm, the sky bright and cloudless, and a cool breeze was blowing softly from the north. We were soon through the town and past the *pavé* and tram-lines, going along a good, level road with the wind in our favour.

It was a market-day in Avignon, and for the first few kilomètres we encountered a great crowd of

people flocking into the town : men in short blue blouses and low, broad-brimmed black hats ; and women in sabots and white caps and aprons. Some were carrying large baskets of fruit and vegetables, or pushing heavily-laden barrows before them, but the greater number led cows, or sheep, or ponies. In waggons drawn by oxen were sullen-eyed calves, aged peasants, whip in hand, walking by their side ; and in donkey-carts driven by wrinkled beldams were young pigs or else a collection of noisy poultry, secured by coarse netting. We experienced considerable difficulty in steering between the groups of pedestrians, and the carts and the cattle which strayed aimlessly all over the roadway. But as we got further from the town, the streams of market-folk grew less and less. In half an hour we had crossed the shaky old bridge which spans the Durance and were bowling comfortably along a fine poplar-lined road, the surface of which was as smooth and level as a tract of asphalt.

The first village we came upon consisted of a single street, with low whitewashed houses on either side. At the entrance to it we saw an old man smoking a long, thin cigar in a tiny orchard, other-

wise the place seemed to have been left in charge of some dozen or more hungry-looking mongrel dogs. The *gérant* (manager) of the hotel in Avignon had warned us that the dogs in some of the smaller villages were savage beasts, and might give us trouble, so we had provided ourselves with



fouets (whips). As the dogs received us with angry growls we quickly armed ourselves with the *fouets* in case of attack, but for most part they were content to snarl sullenly as we passed. Several of the smaller ones followed us out of the village, barking at our heels, but they were of a harmless type, and we took no notice of their presence. Suddenly,

as we were passing a cluster of dilapidated wooden sheds, a large, ferocious beast rushed out at A. Fortunately he was prepared for the onslaught and brought his *fouet* with a swinging lash right across the brute's eyes as he sprang at him. The action, however, caused A. to lose his balance, and brought him and his machine to the ground. Luckily he managed to come down on his feet and was ready with the *fouet* as the dog sprang at him a second time. I dismounted hastily, to go to his assistance, but the cur had had enough of the encounter and was in full retreat to the village, uttering dismal howls, his tail curled tightly between his legs.

After this incident we decided to keep the whips always handy. We were soon at work again, making our way up an easy gradient towards Barbentane. Below, on our right, we caught glimpses of the Rhône, with its poplars, winding through the broad valley, and in the distance we could see the white walls and towers of Aramon. In front of us were low green hills, and beyond them rose the distant range of the Alpilles.

As we were skirting Barbentane, we came upon a small *auberge* (inn), which stood just without one

of the town gates, and here we stopped to have a glass of bock. The old woman who kept the place evinced considerable interest concerning our movements. Were we American artists? she asked A., as she served our drinks. And had we come to



PORTE DE BARBENTANE.

make *joli* (pretty) pictures of the old town and the beautiful *paysage* (country)?

A. told her that we were English cyclists. That we were making for Arles and had merely stopped for a moment to assuage our thirst.

“*Comment !*” she exclaimed, lifting her hands in astonishment, “Messieurs do not stay to see the old church, the ruins of the castle, with the big tower, and the old gateway which is so picturesque



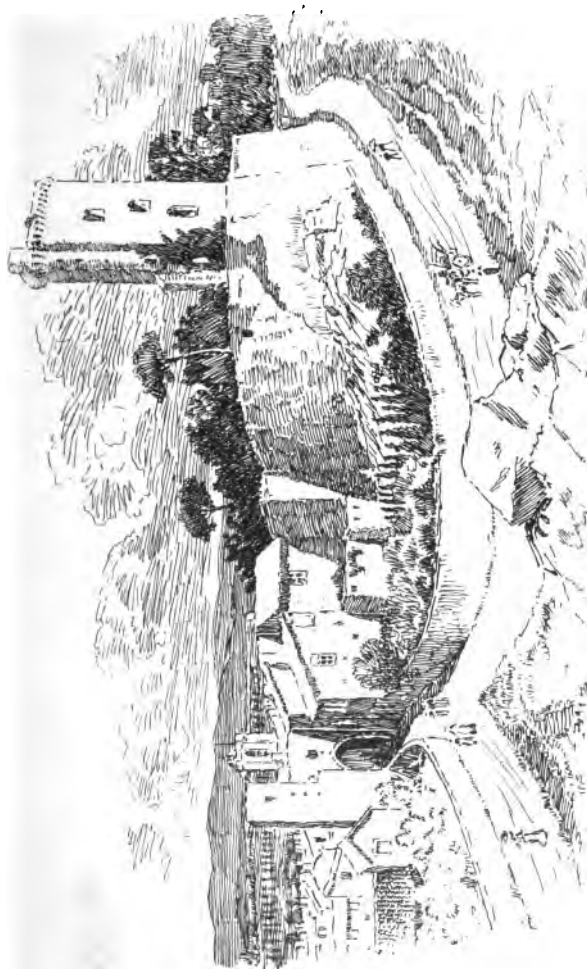
that all the great painters of the world come to draw it ?”

A. explained that time was against our stopping to see the sights of the place.

“*Tiens !*” she cried. “There are gentlemen from America—great artists—who have come to

Barbentane—only by chance like Messieurs, but they have found the town so picturesque, so *séduisante*—that they have stayed at my inn—not for days but for months—for years.”

Then she went on to tell us that she had a room full of pictures which artists had given her. Only the previous week three American artists had left after a stay of many months. She implored us to delay our ride—only for an hour—and let her little grand-daughter Suzanne pilot us through the town. Evidently her idea was that, if she could but get us once within the walls of Barbentane, she would be assured of our patronage for months—for years perhaps. However, we declined the services of the gentle Suzanne, and having compromised matters by expressing a desire to see the pictures, we followed the little old lady up a broad flight of stairs into a large, scantily-furnished room, the walls of which were covered with sketches of very varying size and merit. There were several large studies in oil, but the majority of the sketches were in water-colour or pastel. Suzanne had evidently been in much request as a model. Our attention was particularly drawn to the works left by the lately departed



BARBUTAN.

Americans, but we noted that the best bits of colour were by Frenchmen and Italians.

When it came to paying for the bocks, the proprietress charged just double the price asked anywhere else. Evidently she thought that strangers and artists were sent specially to Barbentane to be fleeced.

Without giving any further thought to the old castle and the curiosities we had not seen, we went back to our cycles and started off once more in the direction of Tarascon. Leaving Barbentane, we caught sight of the big tower the old woman had told us of, standing high up on the slope of the hill. We were soon descending a long down-grade and making for the plain below. The sun was now well up in the heavens, and the breeze, which we had found so pleasant earlier in the morning, had died away. It was hot and close on the level ground, and the long stretches of dazzling white roads were occasionally striped by the shadows of the poplars

We met few travellers along the road. In one place a couple of *cantonniers* (road-menders) paused in their work to watch us out of sight. In another

we came upon a crooked old woman carrying a large bundle on her back.

"*Bén lou bon-jour, Messîs,*" she called to us in *patois* as we passed.

Now we got a glimpse of an old farmhouse half hidden in the trees, and then of the ruins of some ancient château on a hillside. Towards noon we began to meet many carts, carriages, and pedestrians, and knew we were within measurable distance of Tarascon and midday breakfast.

On the outskirts of the city we overtook a cart being driven by a young man dressed in the resplendent costume of a Spanish bull-fighter. A handsome woman, wearing a lace mantilla and a bright red rose coquettishly fastened in a mass of bluish black hair, sat beside him, smoking a cigarette. She laughed gaily at us as we passed.

I was all for asking them where the fight was going to take place, but A. said he didn't believe the man was a bull-fighter at all; he thought it much more probable that he was connected with some travelling circus. In any case, he said, if anything was going to take place, we should

doubtless see placards announcing particulars when we got within the town.

At the first Café Restaurant we came to we dismounted, and at one of the little marble-topped tables placed at the entrance we had lunch. At my request A. asked the waiter who served our soup, whether any bull-fights were announced to take place either at Tarascon or Arles. But he could give us no information on the subject. He was new to the place, having arrived only the day before from Lyon. He would ask the *patron* (proprietor).

The sight of the gallant matador had set me all agog to witness a sport that was new to me. A real bull-fight in a real Roman amphitheatre, I felt, would be a sight worth seeing. A., however, treated the prospect with indifference. A Provençal bull-fight, he said, was no great affair after all. It was merely a foolish version of the real thing as seen in Spain. But I contended that, in any case, it was our duty to witness the favourite sports of the people—foolish or otherwise. To be in Provence and not see a bull-fight would be to fail sadly in our duties as travel-writers.

When the waiter came with our omelettes, he was followed by the proprietor, a stout, middle-sized man of about fifty, with an olive complexion and black moustache and imperial. He bowed ceremoniously as he approached our table. We



*with Apologies
to Robida.*

replied by raising our hats and inviting him to take a seat and wine with us. In reply to our questions the patron told us, or rather he told A., who interpreted his remarks to me, that he knew of no bull-fight or circus taking place in the town. There had been a grand circus across the water at

Beaucaire which had stayed nearly a month, but that had now been gone some time. He thought the man we had seen dressed as a bull-fighter would turn out to be some itinerant acrobat. Only a short time ago a man had come to the town attired as a gendarme in full dress, and had given comic acrobatic performances in the public squares which had convulsed the people of Tarascon with laughter. But owing to the Colonel of the Gendarmerie nearly having had a fit of apoplexy on coming suddenly upon what he took to be one of his men turning grotesque somersaults in front of the Préfecture, the man was arrested and the performance interdicted. No; there were no fights announced to take place at Beaucaire or Arles or St. Rémy. This was disappointing. However, the patron consulted the "*Courrier du Midi*" and discovered that a fight was advertised for the following Sunday at Nîmes.

The announcement ran as follows :—

ARENES DE NÎMES.

Sunday next, the magnificent amphitheatre of Nîmes will be filled by the crowds drawn from

all the towns and villages of our beautiful Midi, in order to assist at the great *corrida de muerte* (fight to the death). The Association of the Press, who have taken the *corrida* under its patronage, has informed itself, from the family of Roberto-Chico, of the state of the sympathetic Sevillan. It results from these enquiries that, very happily for the direction of Nîmes, Roberto-Chico has received only an insignificant wound. He will come, then, Sunday next in company with Pedro Morano, to kill the six *toros* (bulls) of Don Luis de Barguillo, to the general satisfaction.

This, then, was going to be no foolish version, as A. had said, but the real thing played to the death by genuine Spanish bull-fighters. After all, it might have been the great Roberto-Chico himself that we had passed before entering the town. Having made up our minds that the coming Sunday would find us seated in the Arena at Nîmes, we left our cycles in charge of the *patron* and walked to the bridge which connects the town of Tarascon with Beaucaire. As we did not cross the water, I cannot say from personal

knowledge if there is anything in the latter place worth seeing. From the bridge we could see it possessed the ruins of a castle, and the *patron* had told us that the annual Fair, held on the wide space of ground, planted with rows of trees, extending between the Rhône and the castle rock, was renowned throughout the whole of Provence.

While A. was making a sketch of the castle of Tarascon from the bridge, I went for a short stroll in the town. I had not got far when the banging of a drum drew my attention. Turning off into an irregular square from whence the sound came, I discovered quite a large crowd, and in the midst, the Spanish bull-fighter, who had drawn up his cart in the centre of the *place*, and was loudly proclaiming something to the townsfolk. When I joined the group, he was holding up what appeared to be a handful of small red pill-boxes. I could not understand a word of what he was saying, but I was quickly enlightened as to the nature of his quackery. Indeed, so eloquent were his gestures that, had his audience been a representative gathering of the workers of the Tower

of Babel, not one of them could have failed to interpret the purport of his harangue. He was telling the people of Tarascon of a marvellous and infallible cure for tooth-ache. After going through a series of wonderful facial contortions indicative of a person experiencing intense dental agony, he proceeded to open one of the pill-boxes, and taking from it, on the point of a small pen-knife, a little dab of red paste, pretended to insert the same in the hollow of a supposed aching tooth. Lo! instantly, as if by magic, the pain had disappeared, and he was treating the company to a sort of Moorish dance, in which his female companion joined by clapping her hands to mark the measure. This ended, the woman descended from the cart with a trayful of the little boxes, and, while the people clamoured about her, with outstretched hands, eager to get possession of the wonderful pain-killer, the man made preparations for extracting teeth.

His first patient was a young, bronzed-faced Zouave, who sprang lightly into the cart, his fez jauntily poised on the side of his head. No one would ever have suspected him to be suffering from

toothache, but in an instant the French Sequah had adjusted his forceps, and a moment later the gallant Zouave was stepping out of the cart, minus a tooth, amid the applause of the crowd. When I turned to go, a middle-aged woman, whose head



A PROVENÇAL ROAD.

was enveloped in a woollen shawl, was being assisted into the open-air surgery. As I was leaving the *place* I heard a piercing scream, and looking round I saw the Spanish bull-fighter flourishing his forceps triumphantly in the air.

It was late in the afternoon when we left

Tarascon. A short distance from the town we noticed a young girl in a blue skirt and white cap, seated under the shadow of a clump of trees, some sheep grazing near by, which caused A. to dismount and bring forth his sketch-book. Later on we came across a troop of gypsies encamped by the roadside : the men were enjoying their long cigars ; the children, half-naked, rolled about on the grass, while the women were preparing the evening meal.

The sun was well down in the west, and the cattle were being driven home from the pastures when we came to the *pavé* of Arles.



CHAPTER IV

MONTMAJEUR—DAUDET'S WINDMILL

NEXT morning I was awakened abruptly by A., who was standing, fully dressed, at my bedside with a book in his hand.

"Hallo!" I said sleepily, "what's up? What's the time?"

"It's all right, plenty of time, old chap—it's not

quite six yet. I've been reading this guide-book, and it says Arles is the Mecca of French archæologists. It's their ancient city *par excellence*."

"Confound all archæologists, and you too. What the dickens do you mean by waking any one up at this infernal hour, only to fire off a lot of guide-book twaddle at them?"

"Dear boy, don't get cross. The fact is there's such a lot of Roman remains and all sorts of sketchable stuff here that I must go and secure a few sketches. So you tumble off into the land of Nod again, and we'll start at ten or eleven instead of eight-thirty as arranged. See!"

"Nonsense!" I said, turning my face to the wall. "Go out and purchase a few photographs or picture postcards, they'll answer your purpose well enough. There's a shop full of them within a few doors of the hotel."

"Je te pardonne, vieux paresseux. For being but half awake your mind is scarce conscious of the vulgarity your tongue gives speech to—dors bien—I'll turn up again about ten. So long!"

I was soon asleep and dreaming of Fleet Street when I was brought to wakefulness again by a loud

knocking on the door. I got up and opened it. It was the boots, who had just deposited my foot-gear and hot-water upon the floor.

“Quelle heure est-il ?” I asked.

“Huit heures et demie, Monsieur.”

“Half-past eight !” I exclaimed. “Why didn’t you call me at half past-seven as you were told !”

“Comment ! Monsieur ?”

“I say why didn’t . . . ?” but the man was retreating quickly along the corridor.

After breakfast I strolled to the old Roman amphitheatre in the hope of finding A., and it possible hastening our departure. I was anxious that we should be at Les Baux before noon, as the day gave promise of being exceptionally hot.

When I reached the arena I found the gates locked and the place apparently vacant. But just as I was turning away I heard voices, and looking round I saw an old white-coiffed woman letting a party of visitors out of the building. I stood on one side to let them pass. It was the same company of Americans I had encountered a few days previously at Villeneuve. After they had gone I turned to

the old woman and was about to inquire whether there was any one sketching within the arena, when to my astonishment she suddenly burst into what appeared to be a volley of imprecations. I couldn't



IN THE ALISCHAMPS, ARLES.

catch the drift of what she was shouting, but the word *fripouille* figured very frequently. Turning round to me she held out a brown shrunken hand, in the palm of which lay three copper coins, then quickly closing it again she shook her fist at the

retreating form of her late visitors. Again I caught the word *fripouille*.

"Heureusement, tout le monde n'est pas comme ça," I said jocularly, slipping a franc piece between her skinny fingers. And having elicited the fact that there was no one else within the building, I made my way back to the hotel.

There I found A. with the cycles in readiness. The proprietor, a stout, rotund little man, with an intelligent face and small dark eyes that twinkled good-humouredly behind a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez, was giving him minute instructions for our journey. It was a delightful ride we should have to St. Remy, he foretold.

The road was excellent and the scenery magnificent. He counselled us to pay a visit to the old monastery at Montmajeur. "Une espèce d'enclos assez bizarre," he assured us.

The town clocks were striking the half after ten as we bade the voluble but genial landlord farewell. For the first few kilomètres after leaving the city, we had to fight against a strong wind. It blew in our faces with such vigour that twice we were compelled to dismount and walk for some distance.

However, before we got to Montmajeur the wind abated almost suddenly, and we began to feel the



A TYPICAL PROVENÇAL STREET.

effects of the southern heat. When we reached the monastery of which the landlord had spoken, we found a pompous little fat man with a grizzly

beard and white bowler hat, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, standing at the entrance. They had just alighted from a public *voiture* (carriage) that was drawn up a little further along the route. The man was talking English in a blatant, authoritative, H-muddled manner, and puffing at the stump of a peculiarly strong and pungent cigar. His speech and bearing stamped him as one of England's prosperous, provincial, aldermanic shopkeepers. Evidently he and his family were going through the process of "doing" the continent, but what had induced them to stray so far from the usual, hackneyed haunts of the British tourists was a mystery.

Seeing the monastery now meant going over it in their company. We dismounted at a little distance from the group and held a consultation. This unexpected meeting with compatriots was, to say the least, disconcerting. Englishmen do not travel to see Englishmen. Moreover, however worthy and respectable these particular people might be at home in their island, they did not show to advantage in Provence; they were not the figures for the landscape.

A. suggested our going straight on to Les Baux. But I reminded him that we were there as travel-writers, not ordinary tourists fooling around. It



A CORNER OF THE CLOISTERS, MONTMAJEUR.

was clearly the duty of one of us to go over the place, and that duty naturally fell upon him as illustrator, since it was no part of my task to describe or moralise about ruined monasteries.

"You go in," I said, "and make a sketch or two, and I'll mount guard over the cycles without."

"I'll go and make sketches anywhere," quoth A., who, indeed, was all compliance throughout the journey.

The man with the white hat was now rapping loudly on the abbey door and mopping his face vigorously with a magenta-coloured handkerchief. His spouse was turning over the leaves of a Baedeker, while the two young ladies were making audible complaints close to us.

"Wasn't the wind disgusting, Mabel? Goodness knows what my hair looks like! I do feel so hot and cross."

"Yes," said the girl addressed as Mabel, "I do think it's horrid of Pa insisting on bringing us all out a scorching day like this—simply to see a lot of stupid old ruins, too. This silly country seems full of 'em. I do wish we'd stayed on at Nice a bit and never come here at all."

An elderly peasant woman, carrying a bunch or large, rusty-looking keys, now suddenly appeared on the scene, apparently from nowhere, and the interesting party, followed by A., was soon lost to sight and hearing.

Left to myself, I pushed the cycles across to a sloping bank of grass which was studded all over with tiny white and yellow flowerets, and shaded by the monastic walls.

Placing the machines on the ground, I lighted a cigarette and flung myself full length beside them. The sun was now high in the heavens and the heat was intense. The wind had dropped completely, and the heat, even in the shade, seemed to get right into one's blood. But it was the sort of hot day that makes life seem really worth the living, provided that one is free from anything in the nature of work, and can laze around, and do nothing, and think about less. There was no surface heat, such as one gets in England, and the air was clear and pleasant to breathe in.

The village appeared to be deserted. About me I could hear only the humming of bees and the hissing of mosquitos. In front, dotted about on either side of the road, were a few low-roofed, white faced houses, outside one of which our compatriots' voiture was now standing. Beyond rose the rugged Alpilles, their bold crests cutting the horizon.

Close to where I lay, on the opposite side of

the route, was an old *mas* or farmhouse standing within a large open courtyard planted with nettle trees. No living thing was astir about it; not even the tinkle of a mule-bell or the bark of a dog broke the strange stillness which reigned over



A PROVENÇAL FARMHOUSE.

the old place. The building appeared quite forsaken, and had it not been for the white curtains at the windows and the smoke rising above the nettle trees, one would have imagined it to be uninhabited. As I lay, with half-closed eyes lazily looking across at the silent old building, it seemed somehow to

bring slowly to my mind the pathetic story of the unfortunate Jan Esteve in Daudet's "Lettres de Mon Moulin," and thinking of "L'Arlesienne" reminded me that the women of Arles were renowned for their beauty, and I had quite forgotten to make any observations regarding the fact while there, which also reminded me I had likewise forgotten the famous exploits of Tartarin when at Tarascon, and this led me to thinking of the great Daudet himself, and thinking of Daudet made me suddenly recollect I had read somewhere or other that his celebrated windmill still existed in the neighbourhood of Arles and—if memory were playing no tricks—near Montmajeur itself.

This was, indeed, a happy and opportune thought. A visit to Daudet's windmill would certainly make excellent copy. I was wondering how I could best ascertain the whereabouts of the mill before A.'s return, when I noticed a figure emerge from one of the white houses nearest to me. It was an old man, bare-headed, with long white hair and flowing beard. He stopped in the middle of the road and gazed along the route, shading his eyes with both hands. I got up and walked over to him. Taking off my

cap, I asked him, with a politeness that I fancy would not have disgraced a Frenchman, if he could tell me the whereabouts of the Moulin de Daudet. For a moment or two the old fellow took not the slightest notice of my request, but continued to scan the empty roadway. I was beginning to think he could not have heard my remark, when he turned to me and began to talk. I could tell by the inflection of his voice that he was not replying to my question : but that was all I could tell. He spoke in a low, husky voice with great volubility. I could not catch a single word of what he was saying, so far as I was concerned he might have been talking Norwegian or Arabic. I tried to interrupt his discourse by repeating my question, but to no purpose, the old man persisted in his efforts to make me understand something. Suddenly he made me a sign to stay, and disappeared within the house, presently returning with an old crumpled letter, which he handed to me and commenced talking again. I looked at the letter, but beyond the fact that it had been sent from Lyons eight years previously, I could make nothing of it. I was beginning to feel rather helpless, when luckily I espied A. coming out of

the monastery and shouted for him to come to my assistance.

“What’s it all about?” I asked him as we returned to our cycles after he had read the letter and held converse with the old man.



CHAPELLE ST. CROIX, MONTMAJEUR.

“The poor fellow’s dotty,” said A. “That letter says that his son, who was a soldier out in Tunis, was guillotined eight years ago for shooting some one in a drunken brawl ; but the old chap, who can’t

read, has either been deceived or else the news sent him daft. He expects this soldier son of his to turn up any moment. He wanted me to read the letter which he fancies is from him, but I made out it was in a patois that I didn't understand. I hadn't the heart to undeceive the old boy after eight years of waiting."

"We had better be off," said I.

As we passed slowly through the village I told A. about Daudet's windmill, and begged him to make inquiries concerning it. The first person we asked was a tall young man, in white blouse and trousers, with a blue peaked cap stuck at the back of his head. He turned out to be an entire stranger to the district. He was tramping his way to Marseilles in the hope of finding work. Could we give him a few sous to help him on his journey? It seems a remarkable fact that if one ever wants to know anything in country places, one in general picks out either a demented inhabitant or an utter stranger to try and elicit the information from. Although we made many inquiries, no one we asked had ever heard of Daudet or his windmill. One young man, more resourceful than his fellows, suggested the

local gendarme as being the most likely person to give us the information we were seeking. So we hunted him up, only to find that he was no wiser than the rest. At first he seemed to take the query in the nature of a joke. But when we told him all



about Daudet, who he was, how he had come to Provence, lived in a windmill, and there written a wonderful book, he became quite discursive on the subject. His own idea was that we had evidently been hoodwinked about the matter.

“What!” he argued; “believe you that if this Daudet was rich and a great poet, as you tell it, he would come from Paris and live out here in a dirty windmill? My faith, a pretty hole, truly, to choose for the making of fairy tales. Non, certes, if a rich man conceals himself in a windmill, it is not for the good motive, for sure. Behold!—for example: that old scoundrel Jean Constant who ran away from Marseilles, three years back, with millions of francs. Did he not pose himself as one Ribot and live in a little farm near Fontvielle and marry an honest man’s daughter? He was clever, that one—but me, I also have a good nose. And one fine day I unearth the old fox, and—pouf!—there is no more of Monsieur Ribot, farmer, but only Jean Constant, *faussaire*. And this Monsieur Daudet? What was he? But to pose oneself as a poet in a windmill. Ah! quel drôle idée!”

So we gave up the quest of Daudet’s windmill, and once more set off for Les Baux.



CHAPTER V

LES BAUX—SAINT RÉMY—THE SHEPHERD'S HUT

THE only incident throughout the ride from Montmajeur to Les Baux was our meeting with a large flock of sheep which was being driven down from the mountains. We were pushing our cycles up a steep ascent, when we noticed

a large dust-cloud rising from the roadway some distance above us. At first we supposed this to be due to the approach of a motor-car, but as we got nearer we began to discern the forms of the leading animals, and heard the barking of sheep



AFTER EUG. BURNAND.

dogs. We stood aside to watch the procession go by. First came a young shepherd dressed in rough brown serge, with a thick leathern girdle strapped round his waist. He carried a large bundle slung across his shoulders, and sang in patois as he strode along.

“La terro salouto d’amour,
Dessouto lou poutoun deis astre
Eisalo uno vaigo rumour,”

were the words we caught as he passed.

Behind him came the rams marching in stately fashion with horns erect. Then followed the mother sheep with their numerous nurslings, accompanied by the dogs on either side. And finally, three stalwart, rough-bearded shepherds marched abreast, two of them leading mules carrying the invalids of the flock in panniers.

It was quarter of one by our watches when we reached Les Baux. We made at once for the hostelry of the place, where we ate a bowl of soup and drank a glass of quinquina.

Now here, I suppose, an old-fashioned travel-writer would pause, and give some account of this curious, mediæval mountain town.

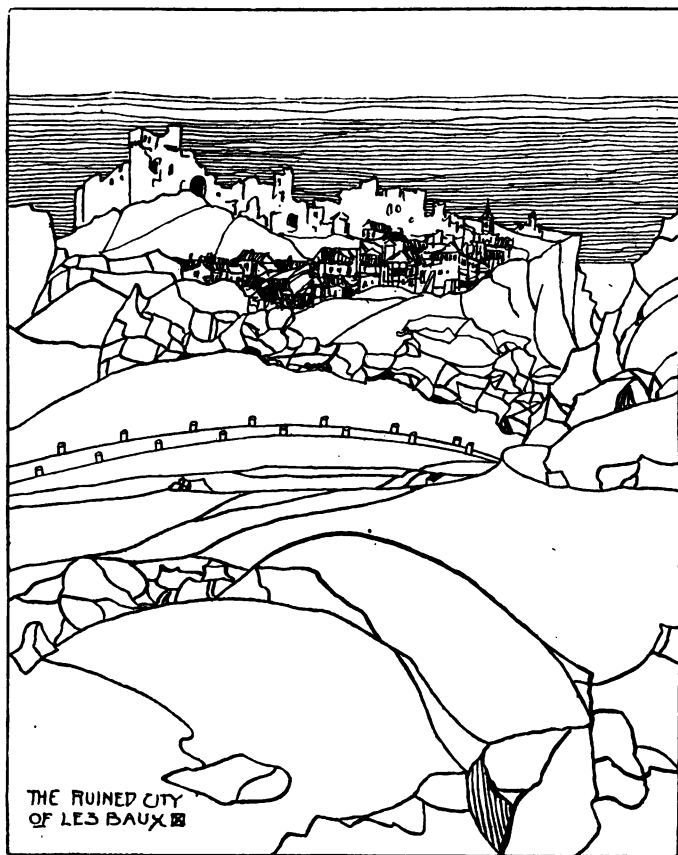
He would probably want to tell you all about its past, and what the life within its walls was like away back in the middle ages, when it was in the heyday of prosperity and power. He would, in fact reconstruct its ruined houses and repeople its empty halls as Mistral has done, or

speak of its actual aspect of utter decay like the elder Dumas. But fear not, gentle reader, we are not unmindful of our present duties. We will put no tax on your imaginative faculties or make you suffer the effects of a moment's needless



THE ENTRANCE TO LES BAUX.

reflexion. We had no guide-book with us, and there was no chattering guide to harass our movements. Alone we wandered in and around the ancient ruins. On one building A. read the following inscription carved in stone—"Nunc



THE RUINED CITY
OF LES BAUX

intelligiti et erudimini quid evenerit vobis," and suggested that it had probably been some scholastic establishment; but otherwise we made no effort to look into the past or try to riddle out its mysteries. We sat for a long while in the shade beneath some ruined walls that had once formed part of a princely palace and ate some delicious peaches we had purchased from the innkeeper, and fell to wondering what the latest cricket scores might be, and whether Lancashire was still heading the County Championship list. In case you are asked about Les Baux, all you need say is, that it stands on an escarped platform of rock, is now a vast accumulation of ruins, and that there is no American bar in it.

It was late in the afternoon when we started for St. Rémy. Unfortunately we lost our way soon after we were out of the town, and for a long time we could find no one about to consult. When at last we came across an old man resting by the roadside, he sent us back again almost to Les Baux, and we had to tackle a considerable amount of uphill work which we might have avoided, and which was all the more irksome as the air was now close and

oppressive. The sky, hitherto so bright, became suddenly overcast. Dark clouds gathered rapidly overhead and ominous rumblings told of an approaching storm. Indeed, just as we reached the summit, a terrific crash of thunder broke on our ears with prodigious force, accompanied by lightning, and both were soon followed by torrents of rain. Hastily donning our waterproof cloaks, we fled at breakneck speed down the mountain side. A quarter of an hour later and we were sheltering in a little estaminet at St. Rémy and trying to recover our breath. Under the circumstances of our downward journey we saw little of the country through which we coasted. Once, I remember, I glanced out and down on the valley beneath and was conscious of a slight feeling of dizziness; and, again, just before coming to the town I remember catching a glimpse of an old Roman triumphal arch as we flew past, but beyond this I only noticed the excellence of the road and the violence of the downpour.

The little café where we took refuge was full of blue bloused workmen drinking absinthe or cognac and smoking long, thin cigars. We placed our

cycles just within the entrance, and having discovered two vacant seats, ordered a couple of glasses of groseille from a consumptive-looking young man who was bustling around serving drinks.

About us, a veritable Babel rose from the crowd of bronzed-faced peasants ; a nauseous odour of garlic filled the air, and a bluish haze, hanging in wreaths beneath the blackened ceiling, veiled the room. Without, the lightning flashed incessantly, and the rain descended in torrents. The chances of getting back to Avignon that evening seemed remote. An hour passed and the rain came down as hard as ever, although the lightning had ceased. After a final discussion on the situation we decided to make the best of matters and, as soon as the rain should cease, go out in the town and find quarters for the night. The outlook was dreary and the groseille bad. But worse was to follow.

On A. consulting one of the men at a neighbouring table as to the whereabouts of a hotel, he was told that every inn and café in the place was full to overflowing. An agricultural conference

or something of the sort was being held, and had brought so many people to the town that there would be no getting a bed for love or money.

This was awkward news indeed. But presently, the rain having moderated into a drizzle, A. volunteered to go out and see for himself what the actual state of affairs was, and what could be done. In any case, if the worst came to the worst and we had to face the miseries of a wet ride in the dark, we could at least fortify ourselves for the task by a good dinner at the principal hotel before starting.

After A. had left, the man who had given us the information came over to me and apparently tried to add to it, but finding I was not qualified to understand his speech, he, with a tact and courtesy seldom, I fear, met with among his class in our own country, went off and found an illustrated paper, which he placed in front of me before returning to his companions. For nearly an hour, having exhausted the pictorial matter, I tried to delude myself into the idea of obtaining a cheap lesson in French by picking out all the words in the letter-press of which I knew, or thought

I knew, the English equivalents. By this time the rain had ceased and most of the customers had left the café. The consumptive-looking waiter had thrown open the entrance doors, as well as two



side windows, and the hot, foul air was giving place to a cool and welcome breeze. At last, just as my patience was beginning to tire, A. returned. I could see, as soon as I looked at him, that his

quest, as far as finding quarters was concerned, had been a failure, and that we should have to continue our ride. Somehow I was rather glad of this. I had no particular wish to pass the night at St. Rémy. After all, Avignon was no great distance away, and the rain had ceased.

However, I was not prepared to hear that we should probably have to go dinnerless. At the hotel A. had found everything in confusion. A large banquet was about to take place, and the guests were assembling. Waiters were rushing about, too breathless to answer questions, and the landlord was ungetatable.

Madame, however, had settled the question of dinner. That was altogether impossible, she said. Elsewhere A. had fared no better, there were neither beds nor food to be had in the town. Truly it was a pitiful plight!

Moreover, as the prospect of our getting anything to eat grew less and less, our appetite, whetted by the mountain air, became perceptibly more and more acute. Eventually, much to our surprise and delight, the woman who kept the wine-shop took pity on us and undertook to prepare a meal

which she designated as *soupe*. I will not criticise that *soupe*. I will not hazard any speculative guesses as to the nature of the soup; nor will I attempt to fathom the composition of the various items that followed it. There are times when hungry travellers are thankful to get anything, and this was one of them.

But I could not help observing that, as the woman watched us eat, she eyed us somewhat strangely, and a curious smile lurked about the corners of her mouth.

Supper—I call it so for courtesy sake—being over, we made preparations for departure.

Before starting, fortunately, as it turned out later, I purchased a small flacon of cognac, and A. got a skin of red wine.

We were out of the town now, and riding along a sticky road in pitch darkness. Our lamps burnt badly, and the wind and rain—for it commenced raining again after the first kilometre—threatened to extinguish the lights at any moment.

We had been going for, I suppose, about an hour, when I heard A., who was riding some paces ahead, shout to me to halt.

"What's the matter?" I asked, obeying his injunctions.

"We're off the main road," said he.

Indeed, on dismounting, it seemed we were riding into a sort of grassy swamp.



ST. RÉMY.

After this we never really knew in which direction we were going. We rode for miles and came to nothing. The rain descended in torrents, and all doubts as to our getting wetter were at an end. Once we came upon a large house, but it was all in darkness and the shutters were tight-

closed. And although we knocked loudly and repeatedly, no response came.

Joy ! At last there was a light. It came from a small building, standing on a slope, a short distance from the road. We dismounted and pushed our cycles towards it. A dog barked furiously as we approached, and we both instinctively felt for our *fouets* (whips).

“Qui est la ? ” came a voice.

A. explained the situation to the closed door.

“Attendez ! ” said the voice, “the time to chain the dog, and I open to you.” And a moment later the door opened and a little old man in a blouse bade us enter. The building was composed of two paved apartments, communicating with each other. The outer and larger of the two was used as a stable ; the second was the living and sleeping room, at the end of which was a huge fireplace, eight to ten feet deep, with a high mantelpiece, under which a man could stand upright. A fire was burning in the centre of the hearth, and suspended above it was a large iron cauldron, which sent forth a delicious odour of stewing meat. The old man gave us a most hearty welcome,

and showed much kindly concern for our sorry condition. We speedily divested ourselves of our dripping garments in the stable, and having rubbed ourselves dry with some clean sacking brought to us for the purpose by a stalwart young man dressed in sheepskin, we were soon sitting cosily in front of the brightly blazing fire, warmly wrapped up in blankets, and sipping some excellent hot wine which our host had thoughtfully and quickly prepared for us.

While the young shepherd, who was called Bernard, hung our soaked clothes up to dry, and the old man examined the contents of the cauldron and stirred into it a small quantity of wine, and A. related to him our adventures of the evening, I lit a cigarette and felt very comfortable as I sat on a sheepskin, thankful indeed that our troubles were at an end and that we had had the good fortune to hit upon such hospitable and delightful quarters in which to pass the night. A quaint iron lamp suspended from the mantelpiece lighted the room. There were no bedrooms or beds; the upper floor or loft being used only for storage. On the walls, harnesses and hats hung on nails;

in the corners were sacks of grain, large earthen pots, and stacks of curious-looking implements. A rough wooden cross over the doorless doorway and two biblical prints in coloured paper frames testified to the religious character of the occupants. In the outer apartment chickens ran about pecking at the straw, and a couple of young mules pawed the ground, as they ate their barley.

Supper being ready, the old man gave us each a wooden trencher, into which he ladled a steaming portion of the pottage. There were four or five straw-bottomed chairs about the room, but no one thought of using them. We all sat round the hearth, *à la Turque*, and dipped our wooden spoons democratically into the trenchers, while a large white cat and the dog, who had been unchained at my request, came and looked on. I need not say that we did all honour to this delightful peasant supper. Good-humour reigned throughout; we laughed at our mishaps, and fell to questioning our host as to our whereabouts, A. of course acting as interpreter. It appeared that we were near a little town called Noves and only about fifteen kilomètres from Avignon.

The meal over, we produced the flacon of cognac and cigars, and Bernard brought us some horn cups and a gourd of water.

After we had drunk to the health of our host and he had returned the compliment, and we had



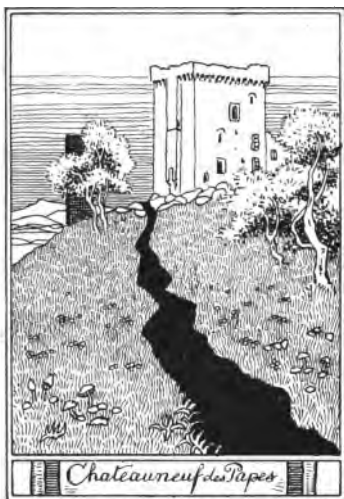
AN OLD STREET, LES BAUX.

toasted each other generally all round, we lit our cigars, and the young peasant favoured us with a provençal folk-song. I could not tell what it was all about, but, judging from the sound, it appeared

to be a sort of vocal recital of some pathetic love poem. At first the singer's voice, clear and musical, rung out hopefully through the dim-lit, raftered chamber, expressive, as it seemed to me, of the joy of life ; of the vigours of youth, and the magic of love. But as the chant proceeded it became slower and more pensive. Once, the singer looked upwards as though invoking Divine help, and the light from the lamp above fell upon his face, which shone with a strange and indefinable expression. His voice sank almost to a murmur, and a deep silence fell about us as we listened. And then the strain rose higher again, but the tone was saddened and veiled, and a note of anxiety revealed itself. One felt a sense of dawning doubts and fears ;—a premonition of impending calamity. Then, suddenly, the singer burst into a wild and passionate lament. The vital, the supreme moment had come ; Hope had put the question, and the answer was—Death. And now the young shepherd became a veritable artist in the intensity of his passion ; his grief was so poignant, so ingenuously natural and human. Louder and clearer his voice rose in waves of agonised despair : in angry

defiance of the wisdom of Fate ; in helpless revolt against the extinction of Life ; in the futile nullity of Existence, and the ruthless deception of all effort. Until, at last the frenzy of anguish was spent ; . . . and very slowly and impressively the singer gave expression to a vague yearning after faith in the great mystery of Life ; faith in a survival of the Soul—beyond and above,—and his voice grew softer and softer still, until it quivered and trembled as though about to break in tears. And then came darkness and silence ! The floating wick of the lamp gave a little splutter and went out ; a live spark flew from the fire on to the stones close to me, glowed for a moment and died. After a second or two of silence Bernard got up and relighted the lamp, and while A. congratulated the young troubadour on the excellence of the entertainment he had afforded us, the old man bustled about collecting dry wood to keep the fire going. And soon we were all sitting round the hearth again, and Bernard was relating ovine adventures and telling of the perils attending the shepherds on the mountains. This, of course, I learnt later. At the time I had

not the remotest idea what they were talking about, and as A. seemed either too lazy or too interested to explain the drift of the stories, I begged him to make my excuses, and prepared myself for sleep. For a long while I lay listening to the sound of their voices, and the rain falling gently on the roof, but in the end I fell asleep. The last thing I remember was watching the light from the logs flickering fitfully about the old beams overhead.



CHAPTER VI

NOVES—CHATEAUNEUF-DES-PAPES—LE PONTET

AT six the next morning we were dressed and ready to start on the road. Without, the rain had ceased, and the air was bright and clear and cool. The old man brought us each a bowl of warm goat's milk to fortify us for the early ride, and then gave A. minute directions about

the road to Avignon. Bernard had left for the farm some two hours before, and we did not see him again, much to our regret. Before leaving we were naturally anxious to make some payment for the food and shelter that had been so liberally extended to us, but the old man would take nothing. We had fallen amongst hospitable people. So, after thanking him warmly for his kindness, we bade him goodbye, and went forth.

“*Diéu vous lou doune bon, Messies!*” he sang out to us in patois as we descended the slope, and we, in turn, shouted back to him a friendly farewell, “*Adessias! Adessias!*” And there was a touch of sadness in the thought that doubtless we were using the commonplace parting compliment in its fullest meaning. It seemed as though we had known the old shepherd and his humble cabin for years. And now we had shaken him by the hand for the last time and were going away and should see him no more, “*Adessias! mon brave vieux, Adessias!*”

The road at first was soft and greasy from the night's rain, but the morning air was delightfully fresh and invigorating, and we soon covered the

distance to Noves, a small town of old, weather-worn houses built close to the Durance, and which, we have since been told, is reputed to be the birth-place of Petrarch's Laura. But, even had we known of this interesting fact at the time, I doubt if we should have thought the town less dull and stupid. It certainly would have made no difference to the vileness of its pavé, which compelled us to dismount and walk our cycles through the narrow, winding streets as soon as we got within its walls. Unfortunately, just before we reached the further end of the town we came suddenly upon an old gateway, and, before I quite realised what he was about, A. had his sketch-book out and was busily engaged in making a drawing of it. This unexpected contretemps caused me to kill half an hour or so of time wandering aimlessly about the decayed remains of an ancient castle, and meditating on the stupidity of things in general and sketching in particular. How any one can squander hours away fooling about with pencil and paper when a pocket camera will do the trick more completely in a flash, is beyond my understanding.

However—*Chascun soun goust*—each one to his

the road to Avignon. Bernard had left for the farm some two hours before, and we did not see him again, much to our regret. Before leaving we were naturally anxious to make some payment for the food and shelter that had been so liberally extended to us, but the old man would take nothing. We had fallen amongst hospitable people. So, after thanking him warmly for his kindness, we bade him goodbye, and went forth.

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—each one to his

own taste—as they say down here. And, after all I suppose A. knows his duties as illustrator of this opusculé better than the present scribe can pretend to do.

When I went back A. was still wrestling with



LE THOR.

the sketch, and also with a small mob of noisy children who had made him the centre of an improvised playground, and were throwing a wooden ball, back and forwards, to each other over his head. But at last the drawing was finished, and off we started again. The road crossed the

Durance, and then winding to the left went off in a straight line to Avignon. We could see the towers of the Papal Palace in the distance, shining white in the soft morning sunshine. And soon we were bumping over the *pavé* and between the suburban tram-lines. The shops were beginning to be opened,



CONVENT DE BOMPAS.

and the citizens bestirring themselves for the business of the day. Without the town walls, we overtook a regiment of white-coated soldiers who, with much blowing of bugles and beating of drums, were returning from a matutinal march.

By eight o'clock we were back in the "Atelier"

once more, and Alphonse, the head waiter, was serving us with hot rolls and coffee.

Breakfast over, we went out and into the town to have a general look round. What pleased us most were the many electric trams, which went swiftly and smoothly in and out of the narrow, winding, twisting streets, and the lively and brilliant habiliments of the soldiery. The dapper dragoons, with their glittering brass headdress and long, flowing manes of black horse-hair, reaching almost to the waist, especially took our fancy. We liked, too, the prettily laid out gardens, so splendidly situated on the Rocher des Doms, where the white-capped *bonnes* (nursemaids) flirted openly with the gallant *piou-pious* (soldiers), while their youthful charges gambolled noisily about in happy contentment. But I remember we lingered longest out on the terrace of one of the large cafés that line one side of the Place de la Republique. There we sat under the shade of a gaily striped awning and sipped an artistic-coloured syrup and watched the *va-et-vient* (going and coming) of the townsfolk, and the departure and arrival of the country omnibuses, until Jacquemart (the

curious appellation which the citizens have given to the clock over the Town Hall—why, we did not find out) told us it was time to get back to the hotel. On our way we stopped at a stationer's shop and purchased a road-map of the surrounding district, so as to have something definite to go by in case of any further complexities on the road. Hitherto we had relied only upon verbal directions given us by hotel managers or chance informants, but after our mistake at Les Baux and the slip on our way from St. Rémy, we decided it would be safer to secure a pocket companion to pilot us on future excursions.

After *déjeuner*, we went into the salon to consult our map in preparation for the afternoon's ride. But we found some new arrivals with Americanised voices had taken possession of the room, and were loudly talking Dollars and Duchesses, so we retreated to our own apartment. We found some difficulty in deciding which of the innumerable little towns and villages marked on the map we should honour with a visit, but at last, after much measuring and calculating of distances, we settled on a circular trip with Chateauneuf-des-Papes as the object point.

The dingy yellow Villeneuve diligence was rattling noisily down the street, and the hands of the clock over the orange trees in the courtyard



LA PLACE DE L'HÔTEL-DE-VILLE ET NÔTRE DAME DES DOMS ET LE
PALAIS DES PAPES.

pointed to ten minutes after one, as we pushed our cycles out into the street and under the Porte de l'Ouille on to the modern bridge. As far as Villeneuve we covered the same ground as on our

first day's ride. I regret to record that, when we passed the spot where the motor-car incident had occurred, A., rather unfeelingly, it seemed to me, thought fit to rake up that extremely unpleasant episode. Beyond Villeneuve, the country was beau-



tiful and the roads in capital condition. On our left rose low green hills, with vine-clad slopes : on our right were golden fields and meadowlands, where white-bloused peasants sang snatches of folk-songs as they worked, and blue-skirted gleaners paused in their labours to watch us pass ; and

beyond, the waters of the Rhône, on the other side of which were little white cottages, with tall church spires or squat grey towers rising in their midst. At one spot, where the road took a sharp turn, we came upon a dilapidated black wooden cross, in front of which a young priest had stopped to cross himself and murmur a Paternoster. Further on, we passed a cluster of sullied whitewashed cottages, where dogs came out to bark at us, and children rushed to the doors and cheered us as we went by. A quarter of an hour later and we were in Roquemaure.

Owing to the thick type in which the name was marked on the map, we expected it to be a place of some importance, a place where we might break the journey and find some entertainment ; but it proved to be little more than a forlorn hamlet, with a gaunt old tower, perched on the edge of a cliff, a collection of decayed houses fast tumbling to pieces, and a number of hungry-looking, vicious dogs. So without deigning to dismount, we rode through and out of the place, and on over the bridge that spans the river, and made straight for Châteauneuf, which we could see perched on the top of

the hills in front of us. At the foot of the incline we noticed a picturesque, red-tiled farmstead, with a row of shady *micocouliers* (nettle trees) ranged in front. From the roof the smoke went straightly upwards, a pearl grey haze against the dark glossy



green of two tall, monumental poplars, which stood as sentinels over the barns and outhouses. There was a pleasing air of peaceful quietude and inherited prosperity about the old place. Plump white ducks floated sleepily on the deep-bronze water of a miniature canal that ran down between the orchards ;

sleek, black pigs snorted complacently all over the roadway: and, within, we could hear the whinneying of mules and the tinkling of cattle bells. As we passed the entrance, we saw that a pedlar had drawn up his cart in the outer court, and was loudly extolling his wares to the women-folk who were gathered about him in excited groups. Judging by the shouts of laughter that greeted his remarks and the babel of voices that followed, the bagman was having a busy time. Half-way up the hill we began to feel the effects of the intense heat from the rays of the sun. Down in the valley there had been a gentle breeze blowing, rendering the air fresh and cool and pleasant to breath in, but now the sun seemed to blaze out like a furnace.

It was three when we climbed into Chateauneuf-des-Papes and at last found shelter and rest in its principal café. The long uphill walk in the scorching sun was much too much in the nature of hard work to suit me. My blood seemed heated to boiling point, and I felt limp and done up. All my energy and spirits had sunk to zero. Another eighth of a kilomètre, I believe, would have settled me. A., on the contrary, appeared to be as fit and cool and

collected as when we started ; evidently the heat had little or no effect upon him. Leaving our cycles outside, we entered a good-sized apartment with two glass doors at the further end which looked on to a vine-sheltered terrace, and which stood open. There was nothing out of the common in this room, except a remarkably handsome inlaid cabinet, which attracted notice in contrast to the rest of the furniture, which was of a somewhat primitive description. There was a much-used pocketless billiard table at one end and an improvised eating table on tressels at the other ; the walls were quite bare, except for a large placard pasted up over the mantelpiece, which turned out to be an announcement of a fair that had taken place in the village some six or seven weeks previously. As the room was vacant we passed out on to the terrace, in which there were rows of flowers in boxes, and two or three orange trees, and which, on three sides, was bounded by a low stone wall ; there were two marble-topped tables standing by the side of the house, and at one of these I sat down, while A., going on to another window similar to that through which we had come, disappeared in search of refreshment.

In a few minutes he returned, followed by the woman who kept the place, and we were soon served with some delicious peaches and gigantic black grapes and an old bottle of the famous wine to which the village has given its name. A bottle of good, ripe, old wine! What a wonderful elixir it is. How it warms the heart's blood and strengthens the failing energies when one is fagged and listless and weary! But a short while before, I was about to drop from fatigue and oppression, and now, sitting in the cool green shade of the vine-covered terrace, with the magic liquor hissing and bubbling in front of me, I felt the life-blood throb in my veins once more. Under its cheery influence fresh power and strength glowed within me. It awakened a desire for new activity; a longing to be up and doing and at work again. However, when A. reminded me there was sketching to be done, I began to think the stimulating effects of the wine were not quite as potent as I had imagined, and begged he would leave me on the terrace while he went forth and made whatever sketches he thought fit. When he had gone, I looked out and down at the gay and smiling valley below. Straight ahead

I could see the Papal City, a momentarily dark patch in the sunny landscape, owing to the effect of a passing cloud, and beyond I could make out Chateaurenard and Barbentane, and further still the blue-grey line of the Alpilles stretching across the horizon. I could follow the windings of the Rhône, until, somewhere near le Pontet, it got lost to view behind a distant line of poplars. Nearer, down below to the left, I could see the smoke rising up from where I knew Sorgues to lie. For a long while I sat alone on the terrace, and abandoned myself partly to reflection, and partly to listening to the voices of the birds in the trees on the slopes below. I was thinking of Fleet Street and its neoteric journalism, of the garish modernity of Piccadilly Circus, of news-urchins shrieking catch-penny specials in the Strand—dreamily meditating on these and other commonplace dissimilarities, when a large red-and-white rubber ball came bounding on to the terrace from out one of the glass doors, and after it a little white-capped girl of about twelve. Having secured the ball, which had endeavoured to conceal itself behind a large box of mignonette, the child ran straight up to me, and to my surprise offered her toy for sale.

"Ohé! The pretty ball!" she began, "I will give it to monsieur for ten sous."

I shook my head in negation.

"Monsieur will give me ten sous for the pretty ball," she went on, "and monsieur will give the pretty ball as a present to his little wife."

"But I am not married, mon enfant," said I.

"Then monsieur will buy it for his little girl. Ten sous—it is not much. Look! how it bounces high," and with childish glee she put the ball through its bounces on the stone paving before renewing her offer.

"Voilà! Monsieur—only ten sous—to give pleasure to your little girl."

"Mais," I said, "I have no little girl, or little boy either, so why should I buy your ball?" "But," I added, for the child's persistency had roused my curiosity, and, moreover, I noticed, as the laughter faded from her eyes, she showed a disposition for tears, "come, ma petite, tell me why you are so anxious to part with your plaything, and for the sake of a ten-sous piece?"

And then, with charming naïveté, the little maid confided to me her trouble. I had some difficulty

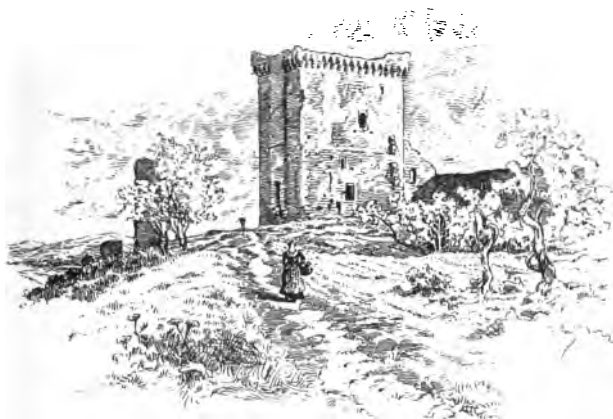
in following what it was all about, as she spoke very rapidly, and every now and then in her excitement broke out into patois. But this is the drift of her story, which was simplicity itself. Her uncle, who was a carrier, had taken her in his great cart, only the day before, to Avignon, and there, while he was settling his affairs, she had gone about the city with a girl cousin some few years older than herself. Now this cousin, it appears, was wearing a wonderful necklace of pink coral, the sight of which sent a shaft of covetousness into the soul of little Marie-Thérèse Durou (for such, she told me, was her name), and, when in the course of her ramble about the town she came upon a jeweller's shop with a whole row of similar feminal adornments exposed to view, her envy and admiration knew no bounds—she could talk and think of nothing else all the way home. Fifty centimes would have purchased the longed-for trinket, but then poor Marie-Thérèse had not so much as a sous piece wherewith to satisfy her childish craving. And to make matters worse, her uncle had rebuked her for giving thoughts to such gewgaws and had indulged in a lengthy disser-

tation on the wickedness of jewellery in general and coral necklaces in particular ; and so she would have to go to Mass next Sunday without being able to display the beautiful *collier de corail*. A truly simple and pathetic little story of baulked ambition and chided innocence.

“Voici, ma fille,” I said, when she had finished her tale, “here is a twenty-sous piece ; take it, and go ask your uncle to let you go again with him to Avignon—and, mark you, say nothing to any one, but go to the shop where you saw the necklaces, and buy not one, but two, one of coral and the other of pearls, which I doubt not the good jeweller will sell you for the same price ; and when you have them about your neck, if I guess rightly, you will want to say a bonjour to your cousin of the coral necklace ; and then afterwards when your uncle shall ask you how you came by your finery, tell him that one, a stranger, who prefers laughter to tears and fairy tales to sermons, and who thinks the desire for coral necklaces more innocent and harmless than the desire for a glass of absinthe—the colour of which fluid your uncle will doubtless be acquainted with—did present

them to you ; and then when you go to Mass on Sunday forget not to say an extra Paternoster. Voilà !”

“Ohé ! Le bon Monsieur ! Merci ! merci ! merci !”



CHÂTEAUNEUF-DES-PAPES.

“Stay,” I cried, as she turned to go, “you have forgotten your toy.” And away she scampered with the ball in her arms, uttering shouts of delight. And that was the last I saw of Mademoiselle Marie-Thérèse Durou.

Having paid the reckoning, I went out in search

of A. and found him close at hand finishing a drawing of the tapering, hilly street, lined with old houses, which leads up to the ruined castle dominating the town. We had a lovely bit of coasting down into Sorgues, but were obliged to dismount and walk some distance just outside the town, as *cantonniers* were at work covering the road with broken stones. From here we reached Avignon without meeting any adventure on the road worthy of being recorded in this work. The bells were chiming the Angelus, and twilight was creeping over the city as we entered the ramparts.

* * * * *

Et patati ! et patata ! And so on, *da capo*, for as many chapters as you feel inclined.

POSTSCRIPT

THE foregoing chapters having been written and illustrated solely for the guidance of novices in the art of up-to-date travel-writing and its equally modern pictorial complement, we now propose to give a few practical hints on the subject, in order to assist the aspirant in acquiring, as easily as possible, a satisfactory knowledge of the chief points and leading features which form the staple of some of the most approved methods now in vogue.

Formerly, the task of writing and illustrating works of travel was beset with difficulties so varied and complex that one person rarely attained the power of excelling in both branches of the art. For instance, the old-fashioned writer was supposed, not only to furnish an interesting account of the

appearance, character, and mode of life of the people whose country he visited, but, among other things, he was expected to cull the choicest episodes of its history ; to touch upon the distinctive qualities of its literature ; to note the essential characteristics of its art ; to describe the peculiar features of its architecture, and delineate the beauties of its landscapes. In short, he needed to be a sort of Admirable Crichton—scholar, philosopher, historian, linguist, diplomatist, archæologist and *littérateur* rolled into one—gifted with a special vision and quick intelligence whereby to observe and record anything that was profitable to be remembered, and endowed with the rare ability of being able to impart his knowledge in an instructive and entertaining manner to his readers.

The illustrator, on the other hand, was required to show accomplishments of almost equal versatility. He had to be a draughtsman of considerable talent and judgment capable not only of drawing from nature, but also of understanding, appreciating, and interpreting the manifold secrets of her sublime beauties and exquisite reticence. He had, besides, to be a skilled engraver, etcher, and lithographer

in order to transfer his impressions on to wood, metal, or stone, as occasion demanded ; technical crafts that necessitated long years of preliminary training and constant application. Fortunately, for the aspirant all these arduous qualifications and wearisome technicalities have, so to speak, been ironed out, and the responsibilities of both author and artist have been narrowed down to such simple and elemental limits that the student should experience no difficulty in readily achieving success in both sections of the work.

But before proceeding to enlarge on the few rules to be observed, we cannot impress too strongly on the beginner the great importance of absolute self-assurance. He must be careful, as it were, to dot all his I's and to make isolated capitals of as many of them as possible. Only let him try to imagine what would become of the modern special war correspondent who ceased to believe for an instant that the troops which he is accompanying would not gain more decisive victories and greater laurels had he but the handling of them. So, too, with the up-to-date travel-writer, he must have a blind confidence in the magnitude of his own personality. Presuming

then that the embryonic author possesses this all-important qualification and is free from any symptoms of *mens conscia recti*, we will proceed at once to divide our remarks into two distinct sections—viz. :

THE LITERARY—or the art of wrapping a collection of words round nothing ; and

THE ARTISTIC—or the art of covering a clean surface with cabalistic pen or brush marks.

THE LITERARY

Necessaries :—

A penholder and pens.

An ink-bottle containing ink.

Foolscap paper (to be written on one side only).

Guide-book (a “ Murray ” or “ Baedeker ” for choice).

A map of the district selected (with gradients marked if possible).

A Dictionary of the language of the country (if foreign).

PRACTICAL HINTS.

In former days comparatively few people went abroad unless their business compelled them to do so, and there was a natural curiosity on the part of

those who stayed at home to learn something of the ways, habits, and life of alien communities.

Moreover, although the reading public On compiling the MS. in those days was, numerically speaking, almost trifling compared with that of the present time, its literary and artistic sensibilities were, as we have said, so fastidious and delicate that it required quite exceptional ingenuity on the part of both authors and artists to satisfy its æsthetic demands.

However, *tempora mutantur* ! Nowadays every one goes abroad, and therefore descriptive accounts and personal observations and impressions have ceased to find favour. People prefer to skim historical scraps from the guide-book, or content themselves with listening to the tedious, reiterated dronings of irresponsible caretakers and cabmen. Tourists discuss hotel tariffs and exchange gastronomic sympathies before High Altars ; cast sheep's eyes at Masterpieces ; tumble over each other in their eagerness to read the latest flamboyant literature of the hoardings, and gaze up into the Heavens only to watch quackery expressed in coloured lights : and the sun setting in majestic

splendour in the west escapes observation. Of this bustling, blustering, truculent age of ours it has been truly said "men go about as if by galvanism, with meaningless glaring eyes, and have no soul, but only a beaver-faculty and stomach."

The up-to-date travel-writer, then, is only confronted with the simple problem of how to narrate, in as light and uninstructional manner as possible, what he ate and drank, and where he slept—no more ; but these fascinating and ever popular topics must be strung together by means of an infusion of trivial incidents. The aspirant who has carefully scanned "Pranks in Provence" will, doubtless, have observed that absolutely nothing whatever has been said concerning Provence itself, except the bare mention of the names of a few towns and public buildings, all of which, of course, were obtained from the guide-book, and he will in all probability have surmised, and rightly so, that there was no occasion for the author to make a pilgrimage to Provence in order to compile the manuscript. To have crossed the channel and taken a long, wearisome, and costly journey to the South of France solely in order to record the fact of rising at 7.30 a.m., and

the partaking of coffee and rolls an hour later, and suchlike chroniclings, would certainly have been a wanton waste of time, energy, and money. The student will readily understand, therefrom, that it is quite unnecessary to visit places about which he is expected to say absolutely nothing. So, in choosing his field of action, we strongly advise him to select some country or district with which he is totally unacquainted, thus freeing himself, at the outset, from any desire to drop into descriptive details and personal reminiscences of a perceptive nature which, if indulged in even moderately, would not only conduce to make his work unreadable, but likely enough cause an unexpected and dangerous rush of thoughts to the brain of some unwary reader who, inept in the art of skipping, suddenly found himself imbibing mental nutriment which he was totally unprepared to assimilate. The aspirant must, therefore, bear clearly in mind, that apart from the importance of his own individuality, it is his bounden duty to gratify every current whim and fancy of the great reading public and, *per contra*, to strenuously oppose the vagaries of all intellectual units.

The whole of the incidents in "Pranks in Provence" might have occurred, with very slight ^{on evolving incidents.} alterations and with equal pertinence, anywhere else. As a matter of fact the trivial circumstances which suggested them did occur anywhere but in the Land of the Troubadours. For instance, the motor-car incident in Chapter I. was suggested by a paragraph in a Spanish paper reporting a somewhat similar occurrence. The visit to the Fort St. André, in the same chapter, suggested itself on being shown over a public building in Paris by a female *concierge*. The meeting with the aged nun which immediately follows, was suggested by noticing a French Sister of Charity reading a letter as she walked along Shaftesbury Avenue. The Poodle episode in Chapter II. came to mind after watching an Irish terrier giving chase to some young deer in Windsor Forest—and so on. The student will see, then, that any commonplace incident of the day is sufficient to wrap a collection of words round, and so enable him to string together his leading points, viz., eating, drinking, and sleeping.

The most simple method of giving local colour to the work is to find out the foreign equivalents

of a few nouns from a foreign and English dictionary, and place the foreign word first and its English meaning immediately afterwards ^{On giving local colour.} in brackets, thus :—*fouet* (whip). The student will find many other similar examples given in "Pranks in Provence." Had we chosen Italy as our background we should have put *sferza* (whip); if Spain, *latigo* (whip), etc. In doing this the aspirant will find that the dictionary often gives several different renderings of the same word, in which case he can choose haphazard. His choice may sometimes have a totally different meaning to the one intended—as, for instance, if he looks up the French for *muscles* and decides on the word *moules*, he will have selected the name of the fish and not the organs by which the movements of the animal body are effected, and which, for the sake of example, we will presume he means.

However, ninety-nine per cent. of his readers would not discover the error, so practically this would make little or no difference to the effect. The aspirant can therefore cull his foreign equivalents quite indiscriminately. Another easy method of giving local colour is to obtain a cheap con-

versational handbook of the language of the country chosen, and discreetly dovetail into the work any commonplace sentences that seem appropriate to the occasion. But this, of course, must be done very, very sparingly.

If the district selected happens to have a peculiar dialect of its own, it will redound to the credit of the aspirant if he can, by hook or by crook, get hold of a few quotidian expressions of salutation and valediction in the patois and cunningly introduce the same into one or two of his episodes. This is the acme of local-colouring; it not only suggests erudition, but also adds a strong literary flavour to the work. The student will find examples of patois-colouring on pages 63 and 110.

All references to scenery or places must be made as terse and scrappy as possible, and in no case **On descriptive** should they be allowed to take up more **scraps.** than a dozen lines or so at the most. Word-pictures, however graphically and skilfully penned, are invariably considered irksome and tedious, and the ecumenical reader does not hesitate to skip all such extraneous matter as soon as he detects its presence. Indeed, if the work happen

to contain descriptive passages of exceptional brilliancy it is promptly dubbed a *classic* and shunned accordingly. We therefore counsel the aspirant to keep his work free from descriptive prolixities, and to confine his observations, as closely as possible, to his three essential points. All allusions to architecture should be carefully avoided; historical episodes omitted altogether, and critical references to art and literature eschewed *in toto*. At the same time it is quite permissible for the aspirant to make any purely personal remarks about either places or works of art, providing they are merely in the nature of statements. For instance he may write thus :—"Rome.—I have been here two days. Most of the waking hours I have spent in being driven about the city by a gesticulating *cocchiere* (cabman), in a hired *vettura* (carriage), and I have arrived at the conclusion that people come here, as they do everything else, only because others do. I have heard it said that Rome is a nine days wonder, but how any sane person can spend nine days in wonderment about it I cannot imagine. Its principal characteristics appear to be questionable boarding-houses, swindling

waiters, touts, trippers, and fleas. Saint Peter's is certainly nice, but the colosseum and ruins in the Forum are monotonous and depressing in the extreme, etc."; or : "Madrid.—I have just returned from visiting the Museum here, where I spent half an hour in examining the Old Spanish Masters. Velasquez struck me as being cold and deficient in ideality and sentiment, besides being poor in colour and draughtsmanship. Had he lived in these days his work would certainly have found little favour with modern Bond Street dilettantism, etc."

Statements of this kind should be written pontifically, and on no account should the student attempt to give any reasons or qualifications for formulating them. As a matter of fact he will, of course, have none.

Grammar nobody practically knows anything about ; this is a little curious, as it is the science of language, and the art of speaking and writing correctly ; everybody is mostly occupied in either speaking or writing a language, and might reasonably be expected to take some interest in the subject ; fortunately, however, for the aspirant this is not so, and it will be

sufficient for him, when compiling his MS., to write simply as he is in the habit of speaking ; thus, any eccentricities of phraseology he may be addicted to will help to give character and piquancy to his work. With regard to correct punctuation ; where there is any doubt, as, for instance, in the use of colons and semicolons, the best plan is to settle the matter at once by putting a full stop and commencing a fresh sentence. Short sentences are much in vogue, and the aspirant should endeavour to preface as many of them as possible with the conjunction "and." This will add greatly to his success. The poodle episode in Chapter II. gives an example of this popular style. It is well, though, to be fairly liberal with commas, as too many full stops are apt to make the reading jerky ; we advise the student to put a comma, unhesitatingly, whenever he thinks proper. He will sometimes be wrong perhaps ; but then, who is not ?

Choosing a title is a matter of far greater importance than the aspirant may, on first thoughts, be inclined to imagine, for on On choosing a title. it depends, in a large degree, the ultimate success of his work, and consequently the pre-

liminary acceptance of it by the publisher. The title stands in the same relation to the letterpress, as the headline on the placard of an evening half-penny paper does to the reported matter in its columns ; that is to say, it need have very little direct reference to the contents, indeed it need have none at all, but it must be of a character sufficiently striking and alluring to beguile the reading public into purchasing the work. Many popular writers owe their success entirely to a happy knack of inventing saleable titles. Alliteration is by far the most telling and effective means to employ in selecting a title, and the simplicity of its construction makes it doubly commendable ; moreover it always gains the respect and admiration of the "Generous and Enlightened Public," and creates instinctively a suggestion of literary merit and smartness. We, therefore, unhesitatingly counsel the aspirant to construct his titles alliteratively, and to make them as breezy as possible. As, for example :—"Rambles round Rouen," "Holiday Haunts in Holland," "In Immortal Italy," "A Tiny Trip to Timbuctoo," "A Joyous Jaunt to Jericho," and similar inspiring sentences. Of

course, "Fools in France," "Idiots in Italy," or "Bounders in Belgium," would be equally attractive, but they might possibly give the captious critic an opening for saying unpleasant things, and unless the author possesses adequate independent means or the combative qualities of a Marie Corelli, we strongly advise him to avoid anything likely to create journalistic animadversion, and to pay profound homage and respect to all and sundry representatives of the press whenever he happens to meet with them.

Should the aspirant desire to add a few racy paragraphs to his narrative, and *is* English, he will be up-to-date in introducing a few Concluding hints. comments of a disparaging nature about any Americans he may meet with (or, *rather, is supposed* to meet with) in his travels. If, however, he happen to be American, the case of course will be *vice versâ*. Remarks of this sort are always telling, as they are thought to denote a certain amount of patriotic fervour. With regard to the length of the work, the writer can, of course, please himself. It is well, nevertheless, in the interest of all concerned, to limit the letterpress to the compass of a single

volume of moderate proportions. In compiling the MS., it is a good plan to make the chapters of medium length, and each complete in itself; that is to say, having no direct connection or reference to the one preceding or following; by so doing, the chapters can be finally arranged in any order fancy suggests, and "*Finis*" be written on the one which happens to come nethermost.

Should the aspirant grow tired of his task, he can at any time put an end to it (that is, of course, provided he has already completed a sufficient number of chapters to serve the purpose), even though he may have only partially compiled the chapter he is at work upon and the last sentence lacks completion. If any one questions the abruptness of his ending, he can cite the famous precedent of Sterne's immortal "*Sentimental Journey*." All attempts to introduce comic elements into the work should be sternly repressed. Wit and humour require a special turn of mind and a peculiar faculty of associating ideas seemingly incongruous; and are, in fact, worthless if the writer himself is anything short of admirable. Moreover, it must be clearly understood that these

course, "Fools in France," "Idiots in Belgium," would be equally true, and are in no way to be taken too seriously, but they might possibly give the captive a little more of the spirit of Mark Twains. Our opening for saying unpleasant things, however, is to refrain carefully, for the author possesses adequate independence of mind and humour into the combative qualities of a Marie Curie. It is an effort to strongly advise him to avoid anything like the creation of journalistic animadversion, and to pay this, however, profound homage and respect to all and sundry, and to all representatives of the press whenever he happens to meet with them.

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THE LITERARY

THE ARTISTIC

Necessaries :—

Lead pencils.

A penholder and pens.

A bottle containing Indian-ink.

A small drawing board, 19 by 12 is a convenient size.

Drawing pins.

Tracing paper.

Some sheets of Bristol board.

A collection of photographs
and (perhaps)

A pentagraph.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

As we have already said, the up-to-date travel-writer should experience no difficulty in making

his own illustrations ; a little patience at the outset being the only qualification needed to insure success.

On the art
of making
modern illus-
trations.

There are now so many processes of automatic reproduction that it is no longer necessary for the novice to concern himself at all with the old and effete arts of etching, wood or copper-plate engraving, or, indeed, any other of the painfully intricate methods of reproduction with which the old-fashioned illustrator had to contend ; moreover, photography and tracing-paper have done away with the awkward necessity of having to accomplish the difficult art of drawing from nature ; a task which, besides requiring natural gifts, was only surmounted after an immense amount of practice and constant training. The art of up-to-date illustration is, in fact, the art of tracing impressions from photographic prints, and recording the same by a few cabalistic strokes of the pen or touches of the brush. The novice may very pertinently ask why the work should not be illustrated directly from the photographic prints themselves, instead of this dual process of translation by hand ; to which we can only reply, without volunteering any explanation of the fact,

extraordinary as it may appear, that a work thus illustrated is supposed to possess more artistic and abiding qualities than one illustrated purely and simply by photographic means. But this is a subject foreign to our present purposes; it is sufficient to point out, *en passant*, that the reproduction of line work is less costly than mediums requiring the screen process. For this reason the following remarks will be confined to the making of pen and ink illustrations.

The aspirant should experience little or no difficulty in easily acquiring an adequate collection of photographic prints from which to make his illustrations, no matter what county or district he may happen to have selected for his field of action. An application, either personal or by post, to any well-known photographic printseller, will doubtless result in his obtaining a bundle of views more than sufficient to serve his purpose. Indeed, the only trouble he may experience will be in selecting the prints most suited to the end he has in view. The price of these photographs roughly speaking, ranges from sixpence to half a crown, according to size, but the

On obtaining
and selecting
photographic
prints.

sixpenny or half-plate size will be found to answer all requirements. Should, however, expense be a consideration, the aspirant can fall back on photographic postcards or non-professional prints : in which case he will then have need of a pentagraph, an ingenious little instrument which we shall have occasion to mention again later on. But we must warn him that if he makes up his mind to rely on amateur sources for his collection of prints, his field of action will be necessarily limited, and he had better try to consult the albums of such friends and acquaintances as he either knows or suspects are addicted to the practice of using photographic cameras during their holiday excursions, before attempting to compile his MS., otherwise he will in all probability experience very considerable difficulty in obtaining satisfactory views of any particular country or district.

Assuming the aspirant to have the before-mentioned necessities, he should proceed to work in the following manner : Having selected the photographic print to be translated into line, let him place it in the centre of a small drawing-board, and over it strain, by

On the
making of
drawings for
reproduction.

means of drawing-pins, a piece of tracing-paper a trifle larger in size than the actual print selected. The more transparent the tracing-paper the better, but it should not be too thin, as it is apt to tear. This done, the photograph will appear more or less dimly through the tracing-paper according to the quality of the print and clearness of the paper. With a well-pointed H.B. pencil the novice should now draw a simple outline of the subject, taking care to make his lines as firm and well-defined as possible. Having done this satisfactorily, the tracing should be released and the print discarded ; he will have no further use for the latter, unless it be perhaps for chance future reference. The tracing should then be replaced on the board, this time with the pencil side downwards, and the whole surface of the back, or at least the part where any lines are visible, be rubbed over, first, with a B. or B.B. pencil and afterwards lightly with the finger-tip. When doing this it is well to place a clean sheet of smooth white paper beneath the tracing in order that the pencil outline may be seen quite distinctly.

The aspirant can now easily transfer his outline on to the Bristol-board. To do so he has but to

pin his tracing down on to the sheet and go carefully over his pencil lines once more with any hard pointed instrument that may be to hand ; a slightly blunted hairpin, for instance, being excellent for the purpose. On removing his tracing he will have a faint but perfectly distinct pencil outline ready for inking in his illustration.

A word of advice on tracing from photographs. The beginner at first will doubtless be inclined to put far too much detail in his outline,
On tracing. but he must bear in mind that excessive exactitude in reproduction, which is the delight of the photographer, must be strictly avoided by the illustrator. It is obvious, also, the further away objects are from the station-point or spectator that less accuracy of detail is needed to depict them, and *vice versâ*. If, for instance, the aspirant has selected a street scene and the print happens to be a particularly clear and sharp one, he must on no account attempt to trace in detail all the windows, doorways, people, etc., as seen in the print, otherwise his tracing will become merely a confused mass of lines which he would find tedious and difficult, if not impossible, to transfer to his Bristol-board.

It will be sufficient for him to make a bare outline only of the leading features of the houses or other objects in his immediate foreground and to treat the more distant ones in as free and sketchy a manner as possible.

Again, let us suppose he has chosen a print which presents the whole façade of some public building—a castle, college, or cathedral: we should advise him not to treat the subject as a whole, but to pick out some particular features in it, such as an old archway, a chapel window or clock-tower. In this way he will obtain a more sketchy and artistic effect, and the same print will serve to supply materials for several illustrations. The principal thing the beginner has to bear in mind when making his tracing is to learn to select, omit, and simplify; on this much of his ultimate success will depend.

On starting to ink in the drawing the beginner will probably say: "Oh, yes! this is all very well so far; doing the outline was easy enough, but how am I to know what kind of pen-strokes to cover it with?"

Let him have no qualms on the subject; he has only to do as fantasy dictates.

On inking
in the traced
outline.

However, a few hints on the subject may not be out of place, and in giving them we hope they will prove of some assistance to the aspirant in his initial efforts. The simplest and most elemental way of inking in an illustration consists in merely going over the traced outline with the pen without any attempt to introduce light and shade.

By referring to page 59 the student will note that the principal charm of this style is its extreme simplicity: hence it is a very popular method of treatment, and we strongly advise the beginner to adopt it at first; he can always vary his style later. Indeed, the same treatment may be easily varied by occasionally ruling a series of straight horizontal lines through either a part or the whole of the sky space, but otherwise leaving the work quite free and open; this gives the effect of a shade value to the picture (see pages 93 and 98).

Another simple style is what is known as the *art of omission* treatment. In this the whole of the outline is not gone over with the pen as in the previous method, but just touched lightly here and there as in the example given on page 116. The great point is to omit as much as possible of the

outline and yet preserve a vague suggestion of the whole ; indeed, the more that can be thus omitted, the more masterly the draughtsmanship is thought to be. So simple, however, is the treatment, that a quarter of an hour's practice will make the aspirant an adept in this style.

Work simply : that is the main thing—a dash, a dot, and the trick is done. It should be mentioned that this treatment is greatly enhanced in value by the placing of a spot of deep shadow somewhere in the drawing, as, for instance, beneath an old archway, a church porch, or any similar place that admits of a shadow being introduced (see page 59).

When adding light and shade to the outline the student must rely more or less on his own judgment. When casting his shadows, however, he should be careful to see that he does not put mid-day shadows in one part of the drawing and those cast by the evening in another, and also that the light strikes only in one direction. With regard to the treatment of the line work, a general rule is to make the lines of the shadows run in the direction on which they fall. Of course, this rule is by no means an unfailing one, and applies more particularly

to the geometrical or cramped style of shading. On page 105 the student will find an elementary example of this type. In this illustration the outline was inked in first, and then a few even, vertical lines added for the shadows on the houses, horizontal ones being used for those on the ground, while the horizontal lines of the sky were broken up by a few zigzag ones to produce the effect of clouds. In the Impressionistic or haphazard style (page 25) it matters little how, where, or why the lines are placed. They may represent anything or nothing; yet, curiously enough, this treatment invariably meets with success, and is instantly dubbed clever and artistic. The aspirant himself may be in complete uncertainty as to the right way up of the proofs of his own work, but let him not be discouraged by that; the public loves impressionism; it has the gift of discerning it so much more than the illustrator is ever capable of doing himself; besides, there is always novelty in innocent speculation.

In the purely conventional or pseudo-decorative work there are so many different schools—the Neo-Primitive, the Düreresque, the pre-Raphaelite, the Burne-Jonesian, the Birmingham, to mention

only a few—that we can only touch briefly on some of the peculiar features of this class of illustrative work. The general idea is to treat every subject in as unnatural and whimsical a manner as possible. A favourite conventionalism is to introduce a flat expanse of jet-black somewhere into the picture. It does not much matter where this black patch is placed, so long as it is only over a portion of the drawing. Usually it is found doing duty for sky or water, or both, but it may with equal effect be placed on a winding path or a row of poplars; but it must find a place somewhere—that is the essential point. Another popular treatment is to reverse the order of things and make everything that should be white in the drawing black, and everything that ought to be black, white. Leaves of trees are represented as being all on one plane and are usually edged round with black. All flowers—of which the lily takes the foremost place—must be spaced out at distances of rigid accuracy, and both flowers and leaves must be strict replicas of each other both in size and formation. In short, the only hope of obtaining success in this peculiar style lies in the aspirant

possessing the uncanny ability of visualizing Man and Nature always *à tort et à travers*. However, for his guidance the student will find several elementary examples of this pseudo-decorative style in the foregoing pages, and we recommend him to study them and form his own opinion thereon.

Should the aspirant desire to introduce sketches of people or animals into his book he will find that photographs will be of little or no assistance to him, and another method of obtaining his outlines must be resorted to for this purpose. The reason is obvious: in a photographic reproduction, say, of a horse galloping or a man in rapid motion, the limbs of the object depicted invariably have a false and grotesque appearance, whilst people or animals in repose generally have the aspect of lay-figures or wax-works. If the aspirant, then, wants to introduce figure subjects, his best course will be to look through the pages of some of the magazines—art journals, illustrated papers, or books—and consult the works of well-known figure draughtsmen; he will doubtless experience little difficulty in coming across subjects that will serve his purpose;

then he can proceed to trace his outline in the usual manner. Let us suppose he wants to depict a French abbé or a Spanish bullfighter ; he has only to look over the pages of such journals as *Le Monde Illustré* or *Blanco y Negro* and he will soon come across any number of clever drawings containing just the figures for which he is seeking. It is considered etiquette, however, when doing this to put "After" or "With apologies to" and the name of the author of the original from which the figures are culled under the illustration.

At the commencement of these hints on the art of making illustrations we took occasion to

Conclusion. mention that a pentagraph might be

found necessary. A word now as to its use. In the course of making his drawings the student will often have to fall back upon amateur snapshots or picture postcards, etc. Now, as these are usually of small dimensions, and as a drawing done for reproduction should be drawn, approximately, at least twice the size that it is intended to be reduced to when in print, it is obvious that a quarter-plate-sized photographic print would be useless to make the tracing from.

How, then, are we to enlarge from it? Well, the pentagraph is an ingenious little instrument invented for the purpose. Its action and construction are simplicity itself, and it can be readily adjusted to suit any scale of enlargement. In price it ranges from £17 to 2s. 6d., but the cheapest will be found to answer all the student's requirements. As it can be obtained and its working explained at any artist's colourman's we refrain here from giving a full account of it, an ocular demonstration being infinitely more beneficial than any verbal description. Suffice it to say that the pentagraph not only effects the enlargement, but produces the pencil outline at the same time, thus avoiding the necessity of using tracing-paper.

All the illustrations in "Pranks in Provence" are imitative examples of some of the most popular line work now in vogue. The student has, therefore, only to turn over the foregoing pages in order to select a style of pen-work suited to his taste, and to work his own illustrations in accordance. We have endeavoured to explain, as clearly as possible, how any one who is so minded may both write and illustrate an up-to-date work on

travel ; we shall be more than repaid for our task if our hints prove helpful to any one who, never having tried, did not know how to set to work ; above all, if we have inspired any one with the ambition to undertake to write and illustrate his own works on travel. His first attempt may not turn out wholly successful, perhaps ; he may find it a little strange having to say something about nothing ; he may be embarrassed in the choice of his style of line-work, but he has only to make the initial attempt and we can assure him that he will find both writing and illustrating a most agreeable and inexpensive pastime.

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